# WERNER'S
# READINGS AND RECITATIONS
# No. 8

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# READINGS AND RECITATIONS
# No. 8

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

JEAN CARRUTHERS

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# PREFACE.

MINDFUL of Hamlet's instruction regarding one's own discretion, and gratefully remembering his bold statement that bad work, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others," the compiler has aimed at literary excellence. Selections have been made from the Latin, French, German, Spanish, Russian, English, and American classics.

The compiler would express sincere thanks for much kind assistance, especially for translations made for this collection from "Prose Poems," by the great Russian, Tourgenieff, also for the poem, "One Word."

Thanks are also due to *Puck* and Mr. H. C. Bunner, for courtesy in extending permission to use stories from "Short Sixes;"

To Mr. J. Buckham and the *Youth's Companion*, for "The Song of the Market-Place;"

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King is Dead, Long Live the King!" and for "Fra Luigi's Marriage," by H. H.;

To Prof. H. H. Boyesen, for "Little Sigrid" and "Jarl Sigurd's Christmas Eve;"

And to all who have in any way assisted in this work of presenting new and good studies to the thoughtful student.

J. C.

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# WERNER'S
# Readings and Recitations.

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## THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE'S a palace in Florence, the world knows well,
And a statue watches it from the square,
And this story of both do our townsmen tell:

Ages ago, a lady there,
At the farthest window facing the east,
Asked: "Who rides by with the royal air?"

The bridesmaids' prattle around her ceased,
She leaned forth, one on either hand;
They saw how the blush on the bride increased.

They felt by its beats her heart expand,
As one at each ear and both in a breath
Whispered: "The Great Duke, Ferdinand."

That self-same instant, underneath,
The Duke rode past in his idle way,
Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back—"Who is she?"
"A bride the Riccardi brings home to-day."

Hair in heaps lay heavily
  Over a pale brow, spirit-pure,
Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,

Crisped like a war-steed's encolure—
  And vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo! a blade for a knight's emprise
  Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—
The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.

He looked at her as a lover can;
  She looked at him as one who awakes;
The past was a sleep, and her life began.

Now, love so ordered, for both their sakes,
  A feast was held that self-same night
In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

The Duke (with the statue's face in the square)
  Turned in the midst of the multitude
At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood
  A single minute, and no more,
While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued—

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—
  For the Duke on the lady a kiss conferred,
As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?
  If a word did pass, which I do not think,
Only one out of the thousand heard,

That was the bridegroom. At day's brink
  He and his bride were alone at last
In a bedchamber, by a taper's blink.

Calmly he said that her lot was cast;
  That the door she had passed was shut on her
Till the final catafalque repassed;

The world, meanwhile, its noise and stir,
  Through a certain window facing the east
She could watch like a convent's chronicler;

Since passing the door might lead to a feast,
  And a feast might lead to so much beside,
He, of many evils, chose the least.

"Freely I choose, too," said the bride.
  "Your window and its world suffice,"
Replied the tongue, while the heart replied:

"'Tis only a coat of a page to borrow,
  And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
And I save my soul—but not to-morrow—"

(She checked herself and her eye grew dim)
  "My father tarries to bless my state;
I must keep it one day more for him.

"Is one day more so long to wait?
  Moreover, the Duke rides past, I know.
We shall see each other, sure as fate."

She turned on her side and slept. Just so!
  So! we resolve on a thing and sleep:
So did the lady, ages ago.

That night the Duke said: "Dear or cheap,
  As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body or soul, I will drain it deep."

And on the morrow, bold with love,
  He beckoned the bridegroom (close on call,
As his duty bade, by the Duke's alcove),

And smiled: "'Twas a very funeral,
  Your lady will think this feast of ours,—
A shame to efface, whate'er befall!

"What if we break from the Arno bowers,
  And try if Petraja, cool and green,
Cure last night's fault with this morning's flowers?"

The bridegroom, not a thought to be seen
  On his steady brow and quiet mouth,
Said: "Too much favor for me so mean!

"But, alas! my lady leaves the south;
  Each wind that comes from the Apennine
Is a menace to her tender youth.

"Nor a way exists, the wise opine,
  If she quit her palace twice this year,
To avert the flower of life's decline."

Quoth the Duke: "A sage and a kindly fear;
  Moreover, Petraja is cold this spring.
Be our feast to-night as usual, here!"

And then to himself, "What should I do but ride,
  And passing her palace, if I list,
May glance at its window—well betide!"

So said, so done; nor the lady missed
  One ray that broke from the ardent brow,
Nor a curl of the lips where the spirit kissed.

Be sure that each renewed the vow;
  No morrow's sun should arise and set
And leave them then as it left them now.

But next day passed, and next day yet,
  With still fresh cause to wait one day more
Ere each leaped over the parapet.

And still, as love's brief morning wore,
  With a gentle start, half smile, half sigh,
They found love not as it seemed before.

They thought it would work infallibly,
  But not in despite of heaven and earth:
The rose would blow when the storm passed by.

Meantime, they could profit in winter's dearth
  By store of fruits that supplant the rose;
The world and its ways have a certain worth.

And to press a point while these oppose
  Were simple policy; better wait;
We lose no friends and we gain no foes.

Meantime, worse fates than a lover's fate,
  Who daily may ride and pass and look
Where his lady watches behind the grate!

And she—she watched the square like a book
  Holding one picture, and only one,
Which daily to find she undertook.

When the picture was reached the book was done,
  And she turned from the picture at night to scheme
Of tearing it out for herself next sun.

So weeks grew months, years; gleam by gleam
  The glory dropped from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream,

Which hovered, as dreams do, still above.
  But who can take a dream for a truth?
Oh, hide our eyes from the next remove!

One day, as the lady saw her youth
  Depart, and the silver thread that streaked
Her hair, and, worn by the serpent's tooth,

The brow so puckered, the chin so peaked—
  And wondered who the woman was,
Hollow-eyed and haggard-cheeked,

Fronting her silent in the glass,—
  "Summon here," she suddenly said,
"Before the rest of my old self pass,

"Him, the carver, a hand to aid,
  Who fashions the clay no love will change,
And fixes a beauty never to fade.

"Let Robbia's craft so apt and strange
  Arrest the remains of young and fair,
And rivet them while the seasons range.

"Make me a face on the window there,
  Waiting as ever, mute the while,
My love to pass below in the square.

"And yet, methink that it may beguile
  Dreary days which the dead must spend
Down in their darkness under the aisle,

"To say, 'What matters it at the end?
  I did no more while my heart was warm
Than does that image, my pale-faced friend.'

"Where is the use of the lip's red charm,
  The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm—

"Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
  The earthly gift to an end divine?
A lady of clay is as good, I trow."

But long ere Robbia's cornice, fine
  With flowers and fruits which leaves enlace,
Was set where now is the empty shrine—

(And, leaning out of a bright blue space,
  As a ghost might lean from a chink of sky,
The passionate pale lady's face—

Eying ever, with earnest eye
  And quick-turned neck at its breathless stretch,
Some one who ever is passing by)—

The Duke had sighed like the simplest wretch
  In Florence: "Youth, my dream escapes!
Will its record stay?" And he bade them fetch

Some subtle moulder of brazen shapes.
  "Can the soul, the will, die out of a man
Ere his body find the grave that gapes?

"John of Douay shall effect my plan,
  Set me on horseback here aloft,
Alive, as the crafty sculptor can,

"In the very square I have crossed so oft,
  That men may admire, when future suns
Shall touch the eyes to a purpose soft,

"While the mouth and the brow stay brave in bronze—
  Admire and say, 'When he was alive
How he would take his pleasure once!'

"And it shall go hard but I contrive
  To listen the while and laugh in my tomb
At idleness which aspires to strive."

# THE HUNCHBACK.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[A Dialogue in Two Parts.]

## PART I.

ACT IV., SCENE I.—*A room in the Earl of Rochdale's Castle.*

[*Enter Helen.*]

HELEN. I'm weary wandering from room to room;
A castle after all is but a house—
The dullest one when lacking company!
Were I at home I could be company
Unto myself.
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up
And plague my cousin into making love!
For that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.
How dull he is that hath not sense to see
What lies before him, and he'd like to find!
I'll change my treatment of him—cross him, where
Before I used to humor him. He comes,
Poring upon a book.

[*Enter Modus.*]

What's that you read?
MODUS. Latin, sweet cousin.
HEL. 'Tis a naughty tongue,
I fear, and teaches men to lie.
MODUS. To lie!
HEL. You study it. You call your cousin sweet,
And treat her as you would a crab.
You construe Latin, and can't construe that?
MODUS. I never studied women.
HEL. No; nor men.
Else would you better know their ways, nor read
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes book from his hand.*]

MODUS. Right, you say,
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike
The volume from my hand. I own my fault.
So please you, may I pick it up again?
I'll put it in my pocket!
HEL. Pick it up.
He fears me as I were his grandmother!
What is the book?
MODUS. 'Tis Ovid's "Art of Love."
HEL. That Ovid was a fool!
MODUS. In what?
HEL. In that:
To call that thing an art, which art is none.
MODUS. And is not love an art?
HEL. Are you a fool,
As well as Ovid? Love an art! No art
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes
With neither. Is't to hoard such grain as that,
You went to college? Better stay at home,
And study homely English.
MODUS. Nay, you know not
The argument.
HEL. I don't? I know it better
Than ever Ovid did!
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,
Couldst thou, by Ovid, cousin, find it out?
Couldst find it out, was't thou in love thyself?
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?
I could, that never read him. You begin
With melancholy; then to sadness; then
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!
She would not let thee, were she of my mind;
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;
From hope to confidence; from confidence
To boldness. Then you'd speak; at first entreat;

Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!
Why, cousin, are you frightened, that you stand
As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear
You are no soldier. You'll ne'er win a battle.
You care too much for blows!

MODUS. You wrong me there.
At school I was the champion of my form.
And since I went to college—

HEL. That for college! [*Fillips with her fingers.*]

MODUS. Nay, hear me!

HEL. Well? What, since you went to college?
What, since you went to college? Was there not
One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was,
And that he was your master!

MODUS. He my master!
Thrice was he worsted by me.

HEL. Still was he
Your master.

MODUS. He allowed I had the best!
Allowed it, mark me! Nor to me alone,
But twenty I could name.

HEL. And mastered you
At last! Confess it, cousin, 'tis the truth.
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—
Look at me and deny it! Of the twain
She more affected you; I've caught you now.
And opportunity she gave you, sir,—
Deny it if you can!—but though to others,
When you discoursed of her you were a flame,
To her you were a wick that would not light,
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—
Won her, because he wooed her like a man,

For all your cuffings, cuffing you again
With most usurious interest. Now, sir,
Protest that you are valiant!
MODUS. Cousin Helen!
HEL. Well, sir?
MODUS. The tale is all a forgery!
HEL. A forgery!
MODUS. From first to last. Ne'er spoke I
To a proctor's daughter while I was at college.
HEL. It was a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.
But what concerns it whose? Enough, you loved her,
And, shame upon you, let another take her!
MODUS. Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me,
I loved no woman while I was at college—
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.
HEL. Indeed! [*Aside.*] Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.
Comes he not on! Oh, what a stock's the man!
[*Loud.*] Well, cousin?
MODUS. Well? What more wouldst have me say?
I think I've said enough.
HEL. And so think I.
I did but jest with you. You are not angry?
Shake hands! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so?
MODUS [*letting her go*]. I swear I squeezed you not!
HEL. You did not?
MODUS. No,
I'll die if I did!
HEL. Why, then you did not, cousin?
So let's shake hands again. [*He takes her hand as before.*]
Oh, go, and now
Read Ovid! Cousin, will you tell me one thing:
Wore lovers ruffs in Master Ovid's time?
Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on,
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head!
Why, cousin, how you blush. Plague on the ruff!

I cannot give't a set. You're blushing still!
Why do you blush, dear cousin? So, 'twill beat me!
I'll give it up.

MODUS. Nay, prithee don't—try on!

HEL. And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

MODUS. For what?

HEL. To trust my face so near to thine.

MODUS. I know not what you mean.

HEL. I'm glad you don't!
Cousin, I own right well behaved you are,
Most marvelously well behaved! They've bred
You well at college. With another man
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

MODUS. Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

HEL. Dear fool! [*Throws ruff on ground.*]
I swear the ruff is good for just
As little as its master! There! 'tis spoiled—
You'll have to get another. Hie for it,
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,
Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!
You've need to study Ovid's "Art of Love." [*Exit.*]

MODUS. Went she in anger? I will follow her,—
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!
Oh, would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me
With backwardness in love? What could she mean?
Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me
Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,
I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,
When next she trusts them near me! Looked she at me
To-day, as never did she look before!
A bold heart, Master Modus! 'Tis a saying,
A faint one never won fair lady yet.
I'll woo my cousin, come what will on't! Yes!
[*Begins to read, pauses, and thrusts book into his bosom.*]
Hang Ovid's "Art of Love"! I'll woo my cousin! [*Exit.*]

PART II.

[*Helen and Modus stand at opposite wings, make a long pause, then bashfully look at each other.*]

HEL. Why, cousin Modus! What! Will you stand by
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus,
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?
Do you not see I'm very—very ill.
And not a chair in all the corridor?

MODUS. I'll find one in the study.

HEL. Hang the study!

MODUS. My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

HEL. You shan't!
I'll faint ere you come back!

MODUS. What shall I do?

HEL. Why don't you offer to support me? Well?
Give me your arm—be quick! [*Modus offers arm.*] Is that the way
To help a lady when she's like to faint?
To drop unless you catch me! [*Falls against him; he supports her.*]
That will do;
I'm better now. [*He offers to leave her.*] Don't leave me! Is one well
Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.
Well, cousin Modus?

MODUS. Well, sweet cousin?

HEL. Well?
You heard what Master Walter said?

MODUS. I did.

HEL. And would you have me marry? Can't you speak? Say yes or no.

MODUS. No, cousin.

HEL. Bravely said!
And why, my gallant cousin?

MODUS. Why?

HEL. Ah, why!
Women, you know, are fond of reasons—why

Would you not have me marry? How you look!
Is it because you do not know the reason?
You mind me of a story of a cousin
Who once her cousin such a question asked.
He had not been to college, though—for books,
Had passed his time in reading ladies' eyes,
Which he could construe marvelously well,
Though writ in language all symbolical.
Thus stood they once together, on a day—
As we stand now—discoursed as we discourse,—
But with this difference,—fifty gentle words
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him!
What a dear cousin! well, as I did say,
As now I questioned thee, she questioned him,
And what was his reply? To think of it
Sets my heart beating—'twas so kind a one!
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin!
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin!
What did he say?

MODUS. On my soul I can't tell.

HEL. A man might find it out,
Though never read he Ovid's "Art of Love."
What did he say? He'd marry her himself!
How stupid are you, cousin! Let me go!

MODUS. You are not well yet.

HEL. Yes.

MODUS. I'm sure you're not.

HEL. I'm sure I am.

MODUS. Nay, let me hold you, cousin!
I like it.

HEL. How you stare!
What see you in my face to wonder at?

MODUS. A pair of eyes!

HEL. At last he'll find his tongue [*aside*].
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

MODUS. Not such a pair.
HEL. Indeed?
MODUS. Indeed!
HEL. What kind of mouth have I?
MODUS. A handsome one.
I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!
I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!
HEL. Cousin, I'm well,—you need not hold me now.
Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!
I need your arm no longer—take 't 'way!
So tight it locks me, 'tis with pain I breathe!
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold
Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?
MODUS. You've questioned me, and now I'll question you.
HEL. What would you learn?
MODUS. The use of lips.
HEL. To speak.
MODUS. Naught else?
HEL. How bold my modest cousin grows!
Why, other use know you?
MODUS. I do.
HEL. Indeed!
You're wondrous wise! And pray, what is it?
MODUS. This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*]
HEL. Soft! My hand thanks you, cousin; for my lips,
I keep them for a husband! Nay, stand off!
I'll not be held in manacles again!
Why do you follow me?
MODUS. I love you, cousin!
HEL. Oh, cousin, say you so! That's passing strange!
Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—
A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,
And die for!
MODUS. Die for!

HEL. Yes, with laughter, cousin!
For, cousin, I love you!
MODUS. And you'll be mine?
HEL. I will.
MODUS. Your hand upon it.
HEL. Hand and heart.
Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine—
Attire thee for the altar—so will I.
Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.
Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,
Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's "Art of Love"!
MODUS. And cousin! stop—one little word with you!
[*Beckons Helen over to him, snatches a kiss. She runs off; he takes the book from his bosom, which he had put there in former scene, looks at it and throws it down. Exit.*]

---

## THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

HORACE—ODE I.

NOW fill the bowl, now join the dance, and see,
Ye jovial guild, ye foot it fast and free;
Now 'twere high time to deck in order due
The Salian feast, and call the gods to sup with you.

Now let the Cæcuban see light at last,
Stored by our grandsires; for the hour is past
When the dark queen to Rome's proud citadel
Could plot mad ruin, and scheme to sound the empire's knell,

With a crazed court of wretches, men in name,
Naught else, no dream too wild for her to frame,
Distempered soul, with fortune's sweetest drink
Intoxicate; but low her maniac pride did sink

That time her ships, scarce one unscathed, were fired;
The madness, by her native god inspired,
Changed to true terror. Fear lent wings; she fled
From Italy, and lo! behind her Cæsar led

The hot pursuit and plied th' incessant oar;
So, some keen hawk drives doves in flocks before
His path, so o'er Hæmonia's snow-clad plains
Some hunter tracks the hare—in haste to bind in chains

The dangerous beast. Yet had she grace to choose
A nobler death. Woman, didst thou refuse
The touch of steel? Albeit thy barks were fleet,
Sought'st thou on alien shores some haven of retreat?

No! all unmoved her eyes beheld again
Her palace-home, how fallen! With high disdain
Of life, she grasped the toothèd snake's dark brood,
And nursed, till their black poison mixed with all her blood.

Her spirit rose with her resolve to die.
She thought: "Go gaze your fill, fierce crew, for I
March not in your proud show, by myriads seen,
A captive woman—no! I lived and died a queen!"

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## INKERMANN.

CHARLES MACKAY.

IN marble Sebastopol the bells to chapel call;
Our outposts hear the chanting of monks within the wall.
Why meet they there, with psalm and prayer? 'Tis some high festival.
By the old Achaian ruin why groan those heavy wheels?
Some forage-freighted convoy toward the 'leaguered city steals.
Sleep! Will the serfs twice routed dare the freeman's steel again,
Will the slaves we stormed from Alma beard the lion in his den?

'Tis a drizzling Sabbath daybreak, cheerless rings the reveille,
Through the shroud-like mists around us not a stone's throw can
we see:
Feebly up the clouded welkin toils the morning bleak and gray,
Dim as twilight in October dawns that dark and dismal day.
The camp once more is sounding, slowly putting on its strength,
As a boa, starved from torpor, half uncoils its lazy length.
Some are drying their damp muskets, others gloss the rusty steel,
Some are crouching o'er the watch-fires at the hurried matin meal;
Some are bending o'er their Bibles, others bid the beads of Rome,
Many, still unwakened, hearken to the Sabbath bells of home.
The mountain and the valley with the hoary haze are white,
Sea and river, friend and foeman, town and trench are hid from
sight:
And the camp itself so softly with the snowy mist is blent,
Scarce the waving of the canvas shows the outline of the tent.

Hark, the rifle's hawklike whistle! but we stir not for the din,
Till, with sullen steps, the pickets from the hills are driven in;
Till the river seems to thunder through its rocky pass below
And a voice rang through the army, "Up to arms! It is the
foe!"
Up with the Red Cross banner; out with the victor steel!
"Up to battle!" the drums rattle; "Form and front!" the bugles
peal.
From the tents and from the trenches, from the ramparts, from the
mine,
We are groping for the bayonet, we are straggling into line;
Half-attired and half-accoutred, spur the officers headlong,
And the men, from slumber starting, round their colors fiercely
throng.
Then the lit artillery's earthquake shook the hills beyond the gorge;
Mute were then a thousand hammers smiting hard the sounding
forge.
Full upon us comes the rain—they have ranged the very spot—

Purple glares the sod already as the storm falls fast and hot;
At our feet the earth foams spraylike 'neath the tempest of their shot.

Crouched like caged and fretted lion, for the unseen foe we glare;
Not a bayonet, not a sabre, through the rolling mists appear.
Yet full sure the slaves are on us, for along the river's bed
Tolls the low and measured thunder of a mighty army's tread.
The hearts beneath our bosoms swell high as they would burst;
We know not what is coming, but we nerve us for the worst.
Fast our shoulders grow together, firm beneath that iron hail;
The thin Red Line is forming that was never known to quail.
Up from the slopes beneath us nearer thrills the muffled hum;
They are stepping to the onset, without trumpet, without drum,
And we clutch our pieces tighter—let them come!

The fog before us deepens; like a dark spot in a storm,
Along the mist-wreathed ridges their crowded columns form;
The helmets and the gray-coats scarce pistol-shot ahead.
They are on us! Let us at them—unavengèd we have bled!
Steady! The eager rifle is warming at our cheeks;
Yon column's head is melting as the leveled minie speaks.
Forward, forward, form and forward!
Fast as floods through river sluice,
The yeomanry of England on the Muscovite are loose.
What! bide they there to meet us, that phalanx of gray rock?
In vain! No human bulwark can breast the coming shock.
At them, on them, o'er them, through them, the Red Line thunders still;
A cheer, a charge, a struggle, and we sweep them from the hill!
Not a man had we left living of the masses marshalled there,
But their siege-guns in the gorges stay our conquering career.
Then, as we breathe from slaughter, and ere we close our ranks,
The foe, one column routed, hurls a fresh one on our flanks.
Unappalled and unexhausted, we welcome the new war,
Though like locusts in midsummer swarm the legions of the Czar.

Fifty thousand men are on us, scarce a tithe of them are we;
Well might they swear to drive us ere nightfall to the sea.
Yet, St. George for merry England! a volley, and we close;
'Neath the martyr cross of bayonets, redder yet the Red Line grows.

These are not the men of Alma, who are now so well at work;
On the Danube, at Silistria, they have schooled them 'gainst the Turk;
O'er the mountains of Circassia their black eagles they have borne,
And the children of their High Priest lead the stern fanatics on.
Point to point and breast to bosom, hand to hand, we madly clinch,
And the ground we win upon them is disputed inch by inch.
The warrior blood of Britain never rained so fast a tide,
Man and captain fall together, peer and peasant, side by side.
We have routed thrice our number, still their front looms thrice as vast,
While our line is thinned and jaded, and our men are falling fast.
Upon them with the bayonet! our powder waxes scant—
What more with foe so near him does British soldier want?

Once more, once more borne backward their stubborn legions fly,
And we saw our brave commander with his staff come riding by;
Calmly he dared the danger, but a gloom was in his eye,
For the mounds of his dead soldiers lay round him thick and high.
God knows his thought! It might be of other mounds, I ween;
Of parapets which, mounted, such havoc had not been.
But in brunt of battle ever was the Saxon bosom bare.
So we hailed him, as he passed us, with a hearty English cheer;
And as the nobles round him were falling, did we pray
That his hero life amid the strife might be spared to us that day.
Oh, dark the cloud that rested on our chieftain's anxious brow:
He has staked his all on the Spartan wall—it must not fail him now!

Then, as waveless in the tempest broods the white wing of a gull,
O'er the hurricane of battle swept a momentary lull.

Countless lay the dead and dying, few and faint the living stood,
Every blade of grass beneath us had its drop of hero blood.
To our knees the stiffening bodies of our fallen comrades rose,
But higher, deeper, thicker lay the holocaust of foes.
And so fast the gore of Russia from the British bayonet runs,
Trickling down our dinted rifles, that our hands slip on our guns.
Far along the scarlet ridges looming dim through mist and smoke,
In scattered groups, divided by coppice and dwarfed oak,
Rests the remnant of our army, rests each motley regiment,
Coldstream, Fusileer and Ranger, Line and Guard together blent;
To the charge still sternly leaning, undismayed, undaunted still,
Grimly frowning o'er the valley, proven masters of the hill.
A wind-gust from the mountain swept the driving rack away,
And we saw our battling brothers for the first time that dark day.
But as up the white shroud drifted, St. George, what sight beneath!
'Twas as when the veil is lifted from the stony face of death.
Right before us, right beneath us, right around us, everywhere,
The fresh hordes of the despot on flank and centre bear.
Around us and about us the armèd torrent rolls,
As around a foundering galley glance the fins of bristling shoals.
Oh never, England, never, though aye outnumbered sore,
Has thy world-encountering banner faced such fearful odds before!

On they come, like crested breakers that would whelm us in their wrath,
Or the wingèd flame of prairies whirling stubble from its path.
But with cheer as stout as ever to the charge again we reel;
Again we mow before us those harvests of stiff steel.
Too few, alas! the living these hydra hosts to stem,
But our comrades lie around us; we can sleep at last with them.
Rally, Britons, round your colors, and if no succor near,
Then for God, our Queen, our country, let us proudly perish here!
Each hand and foot grows firmer as they yell their demon cry,
Each soldier's glance grows brighter as his last stern task draws nigh;
By the dead of Balaklava we will show them how to die!

Heard ye not that tramp behind us? If a foeman came that way,
We may make one charge to 'venge us, and then look our last of day.
As the tiger from the jungle, on the bounding column comes;
We can hear their footfall ringing, to the stern roll of their drums;
We can hear their billowy surging, as up the hill they pant,—
O God! how sweetly sounded the well-known "*En avant!*"
With their golden eagles soaring, bloodless lips and falcon glance,
Radiant with the light of battle, came the chivalry of France!
Ah! full well, full well we knew them, our bearded, bold allies.
All Austerlitz seemed shining its sunlight from their eyes.
Round their bright array dividing, we gave them passage large,
For we knew no line then living could face that fiery charge.
One breathing space they halted, one volley rent the sky;
Then the *pas de charge* thrills heavenward,
"*Vive l'Empéreur!*" the cry.
Right for the heart of Russia cleave the swart Gallic braves,
The panthers of Alma, the leopard-limbed Zouaves.
The cheer of rescued Britain one moment thundered forth,
The next—we trample with them the pale hordes of the north.

Ye that have seen the lightning through the crashing forest go
Would stand aghast, to see how fast we lay their legions low.
They shrink—they sway—they falter—on, on! no quarter then!
Nor human hand nor heaven's command could stay our maddened men.
A flood of sudden radiance bathes earth and sea and sky,
Above us bursts exulting the sun of victory.
Holy moment of grim rapture! the work of death is done;
The Muscovite is flying; lost Inkermann is won!
But that night 'twas bitter thinking, as we dug the deep, dark grave,
That the mounds then o'er our comrades had been wall enough to save.

# THE STAGE HEROINE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

SHE is always in trouble—and don't she let you know it, too! Her life is undeniably a hard one. Nothing goes right with her. We all have our troubles, but the stage heroine never has anything else. If she only got one afternoon a week off from trouble, or had her Sundays free, it would be something. But, no; misfortune stalks beside her from week's beginning to week's end.

After her husband has been found guilty of murder, which is about the least thing that can ever happen to him, and her white-haired father has become a bankrupt, and has died of a broken heart, and the home of her childhood has been sold up, then her infant goes and contracts a lingering fever.

She weeps a good deal during the course of her troubles, which, we suppose, is only natural enough, poor woman. But it is depressing from the point of view of the audience, and we almost wish, before the evening is out, that she had not got quite so much trouble. It is over the child that she does most of her weeping. The child has a damp time of it altogether. We sometimes wonder that it never catches rheumatism.

She is very good, is the stage heroine. The comic man expresses a belief that she is a born angel. She reproves him for this with a tearful smile (it wouldn't be her smile if it wasn't tearful).

"Oh, no!" she says (sadly, of course), "I have many, many faults."

The stage heroine's only pleasure in life is to go out in a snow-storm without an umbrella, and with no bonnet on. She has a bonnet, we know (rather a tasteful little thing)—we have seen it hanging up behind the door of her room; but when she comes out for a night stroll, during a heavy snow-storm (accompanied by thunder), she is most careful to leave it at home. Maybe she fears the snow will spoil it, and she is a careful girl. She always

brings her child out with her on these excursions. She seems to think that it will freshen it up. The child does not appreciate the snow as much as she does. He says it's cold.

One thing that must irritate the stage heroine very much, on these occasions, is the way in which the snow seems to lie in wait for her, and follow her about. It is quite a fine night, before she comes on the scene; the moment she appears it begins to snow; it snows heavily all the while she remains about, and the instant she goes it clears up again, and keeps dry for the rest of the evening.

The way the snow goes for that poor woman is most unfair. It always snows much heavier in the particular spot where she is sitting than it does anywhere else in the whole street. Why, we have sometimes seen a heroine sitting in the midst of a blinding snow-storm while the other side of the road was as dry as a bone. And it never seemed to occur to her to cross over. We have even known a more than usually malignant snow-storm to follow a heroine three times round the stage, and then go off (R.) with her. Of course, you can't get away from a snow-storm like that! A stage snow-storm is the kind of snow-storm that would follow you upstairs, and want to come into bed with you.

Another curious thing about these stage snow-storms is that the moon is always shining brightly through the whole of them. And it shines only on the heroine, and it follows her about, just like the snow does.

Sometimes the stage heroine has a brother, and, if so, he is sure to be mistaken for her lover. We never came across a brother and sister, in real life, who ever gave the most suspicious person any grounds for mistaking them for lovers; but the stage brother and sister are so affectionate that the error is excusable.

And when the mistake does occur, and the husband comes in suddenly and finds them kissing, and raves, she doesn't turn round and say:

"Why, you silly cuckoo, it's only my brother."

That would be simple and sensible, and would not suit the stage heroine at all. No, she does all in her power to make everybody

believe it is true, so that she can suffer in silence. She does so love to suffer.

Marriage is undoubtedly a failure in the case of the stage heroine. If the stage heroine were well advised she would remain single. Her husband means well. He is decidedly affectionate. But he is unfortunate and inexperienced in worldly affairs. Things come right for him at the end of the play, it is true; but we would not recommend the heroine to place too much reliance upon the continuance of this happy state of affairs. He'll slop his name about to documents without ever looking to see what he's doing, and be let in for Lord knows what; and another wife will turn up for him that he had married when a boy, and forgotten all about. And the next corpse that comes to the village he'll get mixed up with—sure to—and have it laid to his door, and there'll be all the old business over again.

No, our advice to the stage heroine is to get rid of the hero as soon as possible, marry the villain, and go and live abroad, somewhere where the comic man won't come fooling around. She will be much happier.

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## THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

SIX young men of Cæsar's household
Fled before their master's anger;
As a god he claimed their worship,
Though a sorry god was he.
For an insect, ever buzzing,
Still annoyed him at the banquet,
Still disturbed his rest and pleasure.
All the chasing of his servants
Could not drive away the torment.
Ever round the head of Cæsar
Did the angry creature hover,

Threatening with its poisoned sting:
"Ha!" so spake the youths together—
"He a god that fears an insect!
Can a god be thus molested?
Does a god, like wretched mortals,
Feast and revel at a banquet?
Nay! to Him, the one, the only,
Who the sun and moon created,
Who hath made the stars in glory,
Shall we henceforth bend the knee!"

So they spake, and left the palace—
Left it in their trim apparel;
By a shepherd led, they hastened
To a cave was in the mountain,
And they all went gliding in.
And the shepherd's dog came after,
Though they strove to drive him from them;
Thrust himself toward his master,
Licked their hands in dumb entreaty,
That he might remain their fellow;
And lay down with them to sleep.

But the wrath of Cæsar kindled,
When he knew that they had left him;
All his former love departed.
All his thought was vengeance only.
Out in quest he sent his people,
Traced them to the mountain-hollow.
Not to fire nor sword he doomed them;
But he bade great stones be lifted
To the entrance of the cavern;
Saw it fastened up with mortar;
And so left them in their tomb.
But the youths lay calmly sleeping;
And the angel, their protector,

Spake before the throne of glory:
"I have watched beside the sleepers,
Made them turn in slumber ever,
That the damps of yonder cavern
Should not cramp their youthful limbs;
And the rocks around I've opened,
That the sun at rising, setting,
May give freshness to their cheeks.
So they lie in rest and quiet,
In the bliss of happy dreams."
So they lay; and still, beside them,
Lay the dog in peaceful slumber,
Never whimpering in his sleep.

Years came on and years departed,
Till at last the young men wakened;
And the wall, so strongly fastened,
Now had fallen into ruin,
Crumbled by the touch of ages.
Then Iamblichus, the youngest,
And the goodliest of them all,
Seeing that the shepherd trembled,
Said: "I pray you, now, my brothers,
Let me go to seek provision;
I have gold, my life I'll venture,
Tarry till I bring you bread.
Ephesus, that noble city,
Then, for many a year, had yielded
To the faith of the Redeemer,
Jesus (glory to His name!).

And he ran unto the city;
At the gate were many warders,
Armèd men on tower and turret,
But he passed them all unchallenged.
To the nearest baker's went he,

And in haste demanded bread.
"Ha! young rogue," exclaimed the baker,
"Surely thou hast found a treasure;
That old piece of gold betrays thee!
Give me, or I shall denounce thee,
Half the treasure thou hast found."
And Iamblichus denied it;
But the baker would not listen,
Brawling till the watch came forward.
To the king they both were taken;
And the monarch, like the baker,
But a higher right asserting,
Claimed to share the treasury, too.

But at last the wondrous story,
Which the young man told the monarch,
Proved itself by many tokens.
Lord was he of that same palace,
Whither he was brought for judgment.
For he showed to them a pillar,
In the which a stone when loosened
Led unto a treasure chamber,
Heaped with gold and costly jewels.
Straightway came in haste his kindred;
All his clan came thronging round him,
Eager to advance their claim.
Each was nearer than the other,
And Iamblichus, the blooming,
Young in face, and form, and feature,
Stood an ancestor among them.
All bewildered heard he legends
Of his son and of his grandsons,
Fathers of the men before him.
So amazed he stood and listened,
Patriarch in his early manhood;

While the crowd around him gathered,
Stalwart men and mighty captains,
Him, the youngest, to acknowledge
As the founder of their race.
And one token with another
Made assurance doubly certain;
None could doubt the wondrous story
Of himself and of his comrades.

Shortly to the cave returning,
King and people all go with him,
And they saw him enter in.
But no more to king or people
Did the Chosen reappear.
For the Seven, who long had tarried—
Nay, but they were eight in number,
For the faithful dog was with them—
Thenceforth from the world were sundered.
The most blessed Angel Gabriel,
By the will of God Almighty,
Walling up the cave forever,
Led them unto Paradise.

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## LORD THOMASINE AND FAIR ELLINNOR.

LORD THOMASINE was a bold forester, a chaser of our king's deer;
And Ellinnor she was a fair ladye, and Lord Thomasine loved her dear.

"Come, riddle my riddle, dear mother," says he, "come riddle us both in one,
Whether I shall wed fair Ellinnor, or bring the brown girl home?"

"The brown girl she has house and lands, and fair Ellinnor has none;
So I charge thee, child, upon my blessing, to bring the brown girl home."

Oh, then he called his merry men all, he clothed them all in white,
And the very next borough they did come thorough they thought it had been some great knight.

The very first town they did come at, the bells did merrily ring;
The very next borough they did go thorough they thought it had been a wedding.

He rode till he came to fair Ellinnor's bower, and knockèd at the ring,
And who so ready as fair Ellinnor to let Lord Thomasine in?

"What news, what news, Lord Thomas," she said; "what news do you bring unto me?"
"I am come to invite you to my wedding, and that is ill news for thee."

"To your wedding, Lord Thomas?" she said. "Methinks it is wondrous soon;
I thought to have been your bride myself, and you to have been my bridegroom."

"Come riddle, come riddle, dear mother," said she; "come riddle us both in one,
Whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding, or whether I shall stay at home."

"Friends few, dear daughter, have we, and many more foes I know,
So I charge thee, child, upon my blessing, to Lord Thomasine's wedding don't go."

"Friends few, dear mother, have we, and many more foes I know,
But betide me life, or betide me death, to Lord Thomasine's wedding I'll go."

Oh, then she called her merry maids all; she clothed them all in green,
And the very next borough she did come thorough they thought it had been a great queen.

She rode till she came to Lord Thomasine's hall, and knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as Lord Thomasine to let fair Ellinnor in?

He took her by her lily-white hand, and led her through the hall,
Where there were ladies of great sort, but she was the flower of them all.

He took her by her little finger and placed her by the bride,
Like a lily and a poppy flower growing side by side.

"Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said. "Methinks she looks wondrous brown;
You might have had as fair a ladye as ever set foot on the ground."

"Dispraise her not, fair Ellinnor, dispraise her not to me,
For better I love your little finger than I do her whole bodie."

The brown girl she had a knife by her side, it was both long and sharp,
And betwixt the small ribs and the great she pierced fair Ellinnor's heart.

"What ails thee now?" Lord Thomasine said; "methinks you look wondrous wan;
You used to have as fair a color as ever the sun shone on."

"Now, are you blind, Lord Thomas," she said; "or can't you very well see?
My own heart's blood, so clear and red, runs trickling down to my knee?"

Lord Thomasine had a sword by his side, as he walked up and down the hall,
And with it he cut off the brown girl's head and dashed it against the wall.

He set the hilt again the floor, the point upon his heart,
And never three lovers so soon did meet, nor sooner did they part.

"A grave, a grave let there be made, and let it be wide and deep;
And fair Ellinnor shall rest by my side and the brown girl at my feet."

A grave, a grave there then was made, and it was both wide and deep;
And fair Ellinnor was laid by his side, and the brown girl at his feet.

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## THE BAZAAR GIRL.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WE journeyed with a company to play
Two rains ago; and she I tell you of,
Our chiefest singer, took the road with us,
A Bird of Women—pleasant, patient, bright.
A common girl, I say—born to the bells,—
But gentle, winsome, so that wayfarers,
Seeing her face, would cry: "God go your friend,"
And shy things of the jungle and the grove
Had never dread of her—crows, mynas, doves—
But perked and pecked, close to her feet, unfeared.
So fell it that we rested on our path,
Eating and drinking by a forest-pool;
And hard by camped some Brahmans, pilgriming
To Muttra—women, children, householders,
Rich folk and proud. But while we tarried there—
Those high-cast people holding far aloof
From taint of us—one small, brown baba left
Its mother's breast, a little naked maid
Two years of age, maybe. Wilful she crept
Across the sand, and found our singing-girl,
And nestled to her heart, cooing soft sounds,
And winding in between her arms, the way
Young birds have when they reach the wings they love.

You are too great to know or care for this,
But women melt to touch of baby hands,
And she was fondling, lulling this soft friend,
Who knew the sweetness of her soul as bees
Know where the honey hides in jungle-flowers,
When, near at hand, the angry mother spied,
And ran, and snatched her babe away, and screamed:
"Poison it not, thou woman of bazaars!
With thine accursèd lips and arms for hire.
Give me my babe, and get thee to thy trade,
Which hath no good, nor grace of children's love!"
And we were wroth and would have fallen on them;
But she, the mild-faced, laughed, and said, "Let be!
The Brahman woman hath much right to scorn!"

They took the road;
And afterward we followed, when the sun
Made longer shadows. At a lonely spot
Where Imri trees grew round a tank, thick-set
With rocks, and one white temple by the tank—
Ill-named for savage beasts, a place of fear—
We heard loud cries. The Brahman father runs
Shouting to those with us: "Ah, friends! your spears!
Your tulwars! Shiva, Shiva! help us, help!"
Then, when his breath was fetched, the good man told—
Sorely lamenting—how his wife had laid
Her sleeping baby in that temple-yard
While at the tank they bathed; and how, half-washed,
They marked a great, gaunt tigress from the wood
Stalk forth, and sniff the temple-steps, and pass
Into the temple-court; and there she couched
Watching the infant yet asleep. If yet
It slept in that most dreadful company,
Since none could see or know; nay, all were fled
For life's sake; only, in a peepul tree,

Hard by the shrine, a camel-man had climbed.
And he was calling, "Haste! if ye would aid!
The beast is not yet hungered, and she plays,
Licking her jowls, curling her tail; she lies
Eying the babe, which doth not move. Oh, haste!"

At any show of arms
The beast had leaped upon the prey it watched
Across that temple-court. There was one hope—
To come between the tigress and the child
Before its mood changed, while it surmised still
Some trap, some mischief, in its sleeping food—
This we well knew, and the singing-girl, and all;
But how to come? I heard her say:
"The baby is my baby of the morn,
Who wound its arms about my neck, and kissed
My mouth with innocent lips! See! I will go
And take my friend forth from the tiger's mouth,
If God shall please. And if He shall not please—
Why, 'tis a singing-girl the brute will eat,
And not that tender one, born to live pure!"

So, ere a hand could stay her, she had drawn
The sari tight between her knees, and walked,
With those kind eyes fixed hard upon the beast,
Straight to the spot—had stooped, had gathered close
The silent child against that heart which beat
Fearless of fear—had reached the steps again,
Steadfastly eying always those fierce eyes
That glared and sparkled, blazing rage and dread;
Her face always full-turned to that fell face
Cushioned upon spread paws, yet stirring not.
For, sirs! as God is God, the love of it,
The greatness of it, and the suddenness,
Lay on that snarling, bristling beast of blood,
A spell and wonder which it could not burst

For all the savage pantings of its strength.
And she had gained the porch, the outer steps,
Ere, with a roar—as when the thunder cracks
A black-bound cloud,—mad to be free and safe
From the sweet terror of those mastering eyes,
The tigress bounded through the air—a flash
Of living lightning—passed the porch, one claw
Striking the girl, tearing her choli down,
But oh! a skin-wound only! for the beast
Sought quick escape; and safe she came to us,
Clasping the babe, red with her gentle blood.
And so the mother took her infant back,
A gift from the bazaar-girl!

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## ON THE BRINK.

C. S. CALVERLY.

I WATCHED her as she stooped to pluck
A wild-flower in her hair to twine;
And wished that it had been my luck
To call her mine.

Anon I heard her rate with mad,
Mad words her babe within its cot;
And felt particularly glad
That it had not.

I knew (such subtle brains have men)
That she was uttering what she shouldn't;
And thought that I would chide, and then
I thought I wouldn't.

Who could have gazed upon that face,
Those pouting coral lips, and chided?
A Rhadamanthus, in my place,
Had done as I did.

For ire wherewith our bosoms glow
  Is chained there oft by beauty's spell;
And, more than that, I did not know
  The widow well.

So the harsh phrase passed unreproved.
  Still mute (O brothers, was it sin?)
I drank, unutterably moved,
  Her beauty in.

And to myself I murmured low,
  As on her upturned face and dress
The moonlight fell, "Would she say No,
  By chance, or Yes?"

She stood so calm, so like a ghost
  Betwixt me and that magic moon,
That I already was almost
  A finished coon.

But when she caught adroitly up
  And soothed with smiles her little daughter;
And gave it, if I'm right, a sup
  Of barley-water;

And, crooning still the strange, sweet lore
  Which only mothers' tongues can utter,
Snowed with deft hand the sugar o'er
  Its bread-and-butter;

And kiss'd it clingingly (Ah, why
  Don't women do these things in private?)—
I felt that if I lost her, I
  Should not survive it.

And from my mouth the words nigh flew—
  The past, the future, I forgat 'em:
"Oh! if you'd kiss me as you do
  That thankless atom!"

But this thought came ere yet I spake,
  And froze the sentence on my lips:
"They err, who marry wives that make
  Those little slips."

It came like some familiar rhyme,
  Some copy to my boyhood set;
And that's perhaps the reason I'm
  Unmarried yet.

Would she have owned how pleased she was,
  And told her love with widow's pride?
I never found out that—because
  I never tried.

Be kind to babes and beasts and birds:
  Hearts may be hard, though lips are coral;
And angry words are angry words:
  And that's the moral.

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## SCENE FROM "FLEURANGE."

MME. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN.

[*Dramatized for this collection.*]

FLEURANGE [*discovered, seated, reading card*]. "The Countess Vera von Liningen. Will Mademoiselle Fleurange d'Yves have the kindness to see me a moment?" Vera! Countess Vera! [*Enter* VERA.] What, is it you, mademoiselle? Forgive me that I had not guessed it at once; but this morning I did not know the name of her who treats me so kindly.

VERA. You did not know my name this morning, but had you never heard it spoken before to-day?

FLEUR. Never would be scarcely exact——

VERA. No matter. I do not care to know when or how you may

have heard it. I can easily understand that very little has been said to you concerning me.

FLEUR. If you have been entrusted with a message for me, mademoiselle, how can I thank you sufficiently for having taken the trouble to bring it to me yourself? [*Vera hastily withdraws her hand, in which she holds a paper, aud retreats a few steps.*] Countess Vera, if I have not conjectured rightly the motive which brings you here, tell me the truth. There is going on between us at this moment something which I do not understand. Be sincere; I will be so, too. Let us not remain like this toward one another. Above all, do not look at me as if I were not only a stranger, but an enemy.

VERA. Enemy? Well—it is true. At this moment we are so!

FLEUR. What do you mean?

VERA. You are right. I must put an end to your suspense, and explain to you my strange conduct; but I need courage to do it, and to come here as I have done, to address myself to you, as I am about to do, there must have been—without my knowing why——

FLEUR. Well, what else?

VERA. There must have been in my heart a secret instinct which assured me that you were good and generous!

FLEUR. This is enough by way of introduction. Speak clearly, Countess Vera; tell me all without reserve; you may believe me when I beseech you to have no fear. Though your words were to do me a harm which at this moment I can neither foresee nor comprehend, speak; I require it of you; hesitate no longer.

VERA. Well, then—here! [*She suddenly throws upon the table a paper, which* FLEURANGE *takes up.*]

FLEUR. My petition! You bring it back to me? It has been refused, then?

VERA. No: it has not been sent.

FLEUR. You mean to say that the Empress, after having shown so much kindness toward me, has changed her mind, and refused to undertake it?

VERA. No. She has given orders to me, on the contrary, to send your petition, and to add to it her own recommendation.

FLEUR. Well?

VERA. I have disobeyed her orders.

FLEUR. I await the explanation which you are no doubt intending to give me. Go on without interrupting yourself; I shall listen.

VERA. Well, then, first of all, answer me. Did you know that George von Walden was the husband who was promised to me—for whom my father destined me from childhood?

FLEUR. Who was promised you—from childhood? No, I did not know it. But no matter; go on.

VERA. It is true. It is no matter; this is not the question, although I was obliged to refer to it. It is no longer a question of his misfortune, of his fearful sentence, of that frightful Siberia, to which you propose to accompany him—to share a fate which you can neither alleviate, nor, possibly, endure yourself. The question is, now, to save him from this destiny, to give back to him life, honor, liberty, all that he has lost. His estates, his fortune, his rank, all may yet be restored to him. This is what I have come to tell you, and to ask you to aid in its accomplishment!

FLEUR. All this can be restored to him! By what means? By whose power?

VERA. That of the Emperor invoked, and of his clemency obtained through my entreaties; but upon two conditions, one of which is imposed upon George, the other depending upon me. To these two conditions is joined a third, and that one rests with you—with you only!

FLEUR. Finish, I implore you! Finish if you are not dreaming in saying such words to me, or I in hearing them—if we are not both mad—you and I!

VERA. Oh, I beseech you, have mercy upon him!

FLEUR. I am listening.

VERA. This morning, at the moment when I had just read your petition, and learned, for the first time, who the exile was whom

you desired to follow—at this very moment the Emperor arrived at the palace, and sent for me.

FLEUR. The Emperor?

VERA. Yes. And do you know what he wished to say to me? You do not guess what it was, and I can understand readily why you should not, for you do not know with what ardor I have solicited pardon for George; how eagerly I have brought together, to this end, all the facts in the case which might disarm his sovereign's anger against him. What the Emperor wished to say was this, that he deigned to grant me this favor—to grant it to me, Fleurange: Do you understand? But on two conditions.

FLEUR. His pardon! Go on. I am listening.

VERA. The first, that he should pass four years on his estates in Livonia, without stirring thence——

FLEUR. And the second?

VERA. Then, that the wish of my father and of his should be fulfilled before his departure.

FLEUR. His pardon is upon that condition?

VERA. Yes. The Emperor has taken an interest in me from my childhood. He loved my father, and it has pleased him to attach this act of clemency to this fulfilment of my father's wish.

FLEUR. And he? He will accept his pardon, with this condition—without hesitating, will he not?

VERA. Without hesitation? That is what I cannot say. This very doubt humiliates and alarms me, for the Emperor would regard the least hesitation as a new ingratitude, and perhaps might retract his pardon.

FLEUR. But why should he hesitate?

VERA. Fleurange! Let us break each other's hearts, if we must, but let us go to the very end of this. It has been permitted you to see George since you have been here?

FLEUR. No.

VERA. But he is expecting you; he knows that you have come, and what devotion has brought you to him?

FLEUR. No: he knows nothing of it as yet, and is not to know until to-morrow.

VERA. Then, it rests with you that he does not hesitate—that he is saved! Yes, Fleurange, let him never know that you are here. Let him never see you again—never again, and life will once more become for him beautiful, brilliant, happy—what it was, what it ought always to be—and the memory of these few months will fade away like a dream.

FLEUR. Like a dream!

VERA. I have told you all. I have done you an injury that I can understand better than any other person can. But I wish to save George! I desired him to be restored to me, and I believed—I know not why, for it seems most unreasonable—yes, I believed that you would be willing to aid me against yourself!

FLEUR. It is enough; you have done right. Act fearlessly; act as if I were far away—as if I had never come. [*Takes the petition, which lies upon the table, tears it across, throws it in the fire, and watches it till the flames die away.*]

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## A DEAD LETTER.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

I DREW it from its china tomb;
It came out feebly scented
With some thin ghost of past perfume,
That time and years had lent it.

An old, old letter,—folded still!
To read with due composure
I sought the sunlit window-sill
Above the gray enclosure.

"Dear John (the letter ran), it can't, can't be,
For father's gone to Chorley Fair with Sam;
And mother's storing apples,—Prue and me
Up to our elbows making damson jam:
But we shall meet before a week is gone,—
''Tis a long lane that has no turning,' John.

"Only till Sunday next, and then you'll wait
  Behind the white-thorn, by the broken stile—
We can go round and catch them at the gate,
  All to ourselves, for nearly one long mile;
Dear Prue won't look, and father he'll go on,
  And Sam's two eyes are all for Cissy, John!

"John, she's so smart, with every ribbon new,
  Flame-colored sack, and crimson padesoy;
As proud as proud; and has the vapors, too,
  Just like My Lady; calls poor Sam a boy,
And vows no sweetheart's worth the thinking-on
  Till he's past thirty—I know better, John!

"My dear, I don't think that I thought of much
  Before we knew each other, I and you;
And now, why John, your least, least finger-touch,
  Gives me enough to think a summer through—
See, for I send you something! There, 'tis gone!
  Look in this corner,—mind you find it, John!"

This was the matter of the note,—
  A long-forgot deposit,
Dropped in an Indian dragon's throat,
  Deep in a fragrant closet.

Ah, heart that wrote! Ah, lips that kissed!
  You had no thought or presage
Into what keeping you dismissed
  Your simple old-world message!

A reverent one. Though we to-day
  Distrust beliefs, and powers,
The artless, ageless things you say
  Are fresh as May's own flowers,

Starring some pure primeval spring,
  Ere gold had grown despotic,—

Ere life was yet a selfish thing,
  Or love a mere exotic.

I need not search too much to find
  Whose lot it was to send it:
I feel upon me yet the kind,
  Soft hand of her who penned it;

And see, through two-score years of smoke,
  In bygone, quaint apparel,
Shine from yon time-black Norway oak
  The face of Patience Caryl,—

The pale, smooth forehead, silver-tressed;
  The gray gown, primly flowered;
The spotless, stately coif whose crest
  Like Hector's horse-plume towered;

And still the sweet, half-solemn look
  Where some past thought was clinging,
As when one shuts a serious book
  To hear the thrushes singing.

I kneel to you! Of those you were,
  Whose kind old hearts grow mellow,—
Whose fair old faces grow more fair
  As Point and Flanders yellow;

Whom some old store of garnered grief,
  Their placid temples shading,
Crowns like a wreath of autumn leaf
  With tender tints of fading.

Peace to your soul! You died unwed—
  Despite this loving letter.
And what of John? The less that's said
  Of John, I think, the better.

# JOCK OF HAZLEDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen—"
But aye she loot the tears downfa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now, let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley Dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen—"
But aye she loot the tears downfa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair.
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen—"
But aye she loot the tears downfa'
For Jack of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there:

They sought her baith by bower and ha';
  The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
  Wi' Jock of Hazeldean!

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## OF COURSE THEY MET.

I HEARD two robins singing in the wood
  One April day,
And what they said my heart well understood,
  That April day:
"Oh, love is sweet through all the busy daytime,
Oh, love is true in winter and in Maytime!"
But then, you know, the hour was Folly's playtime—
  'Twas April day.

And I, to keep in tune the merry birds,
  That April day,
Sang with them, thoughtlessly, some foolish words—
  'Twas April day:
"My love is fair, I could not help but choose him;
My love is good, I could not bear to lose him;
My love is wise; oh, how could I refuse him.
  This April day?

"Yet should he hear me sing, let him beware,
  This April day;
And if I say, 'I love him,' have no care—
  This April day.
The token that he sends—oh, yes, I kiss it,
And if he sends it not, I sorely miss it;
But promise, song or kiss, now, pray, what is it,
  This April day?"

Singing and laughing, through the woods I came
That April day,
Until a clear, strong voice sang back again:
"Oh, April day!
This girl of smiles and tears, this little rover,
With pleasant jesting doth her heart discover
Thy mirth is wisdom, I, her happy lover,
Thou, April May."

He clasped my hand, and through the woods we went
That April day,
Singing like robins in our glad content
That April day.
Oh, golden sunshine, and oh, silver raining!
Oh, earnest jesting, and oh, sweet complaining!
Two happy hearts stood watching daylight's waning,
That April day.

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# MASCHA.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF TOURGENIEFF.

WHEN I lived in St. Petersburg—many years have passed since then—I used to converse with the hackney-coachmen every time I hired one. I particularly enjoyed talking with the night-coachmen—poor peasants from the vicinity of St. Petersburg—who, in the hopes of earning a little, come to the great city with their little ochre-colored sledges and miserable horses.

On one occasion I again drove with such a coachman. He was a young fellow of twenty, tall, of vigorous and stately appearance. He had blue eyes and red cheeks. His thick, curly blond hair appeared below the darned cap which was drawn low down over his forehead. And how had he managed to get on this little torn smock over these giant shoulders! But the handsome, beardless face of

the coachman seemed to me dark and sad. I entered into conversation with him. In his voice, too, I noticed a profound sadness.

"What is the matter with you, friend?" I asked. "Why are you so dejected? Is a sorrow oppressing you?"

The young fellow did not reply at once.

"Yes, sir, yes," he said, at length. "And a sorrow, indeed, which could not be greater. My wife died."

"And you loved her very much—your wife?"

The young fellow did not turn; he merely inclined his head a little.

"Yes, sir, I loved her. Eight months have passed, but I cannot forget her. It gnaws at my heart continually. And why did she have to die? She was so young, so healthy! And there in a single day the cholera snatched her away."

"And was she good, too?"

"Oh, sir!" returned the poor fellow, with a heavy sigh," how happily we lived together! And she has died without me! When I learned that she was already buried, I hurried immediately home, to my native village. When I arrived, it was already past midnight. I entered the hut, remained standing in the middle of the room, and said softly:

"'Mascha, oh, Mascha!' Only the cricket chirps. Then I began to weep, sat upon the floor, and struck the ground with my hands. 'O thou insatiable lap of Earth! thou hast swallowed her—swallow me also! Oh, Mascha!'

"Mascha!" he then added in a suppressed voice. And without dropping the reins he wiped away the tears from his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and said not another word.

When I descended from the sledge I gave him a small fee. He made me a low bow, took off his cap with both hands, and then drove slowly on over the even surface of snow of the lonely street, over which hung the gray mist of the January frost.

# THE CID AND THE LEPER.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY J. G. LOCKHART.

HE has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near.
With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrank away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;

Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

He gropèd for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexèd sore
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before,
There stood a man, all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favors thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honor with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail, thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too:
A death of honor shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite,
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;
Unto the heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

# A DOG OF FLANDERS.

LOUISA DE LA RAMÉ.

[In a hut, near a small village a mile from Antwerp, lived an old man, who was eighty when his daughter died, and left her little two-year-old son. A few years of great poverty passed. One day, "Nello," pet diminutive for Nicolas, and his devoted old grandfather found by the road a dying dog, cast off by a cruel master,—"a dog of Flanders, yellow hide, large head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, legs bowed, feet widened. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard in Flanders many a century—dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts, creatures that lived straining their sinews, and died breaking their hearts on the flint of the streets." With tender nursing he recovered, and found a humble home, full of kindness. The work, which he performed, was drawing a cart containing the neighbors' cans of milk.

Baas Cogez, the miller, a great man of the village, had a little daughter, loved by the boy. But her father forbade their friendship, and Nello threw himself with redoubled ardor into his work upon a picture, which was to compete for a prize offered to the lads of the neighborhood. He had the soul of an artist, and worshipped the memory of Rubens, whose masterpiece hung in the great Cathedral in Antwerp, concealed from his longing eyes by curtains, only drawn for those who paid to see these art-treasures. The old man died. Some of the neighbors gave their work to others, and the owner of the hut, a friend of Baas Cogez, ordered the desolate lad of sixteen to leave the poor home of his childhood, and all it contained, to pay the month's rent.]

NELLO and Patrasche were left all alone in the world. They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little Ardennois, Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days; both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very dearly.

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth it was the

morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder, Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on the dog's frank forehead.

"Let us go, Patrasche, dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out; let us go."

Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly side by side out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every humble, homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his own green cart; it was no longer his—it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow. The dog could have lain down beside it and died for very heart-sickness as he went, but whilst the lad lived and needed him Patrasche would not yield and give way.

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The day had yet scarce more than dawned; most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. They took no notice whilst the dog and the boy passed by them. At one door Nello paused and looked wistfully within. His grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily; they asked no more. By slow and painful ways they reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten.

"If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello; but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes. Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing-prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance hall was a crowd of youths, some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives

or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in. It was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais. A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high. It was not his own! A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephen Kiesslinger, born in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered consciousness he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay. The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog into his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured, "all over!"

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side, with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow. The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains. It took them long to traverse the familiar path, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness.

Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross. The boy mechanically turned the case to the light; on it was the name of Baas Cogez, and within it were notes for two thousand francs. The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully in his face.

Nello made straight for the mill-house, went to the house door

and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened the door weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts.

"Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she said kindly, through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he will never find it, and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note-case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house.

"Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogez so; I think he will not deny the dog food and shelter in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant, he had stooped and kissed Patrasche; then closed the door hurriedly, and disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear. Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth. They tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats, they tempted him with the best they had; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence.

"It is lost forever," he said, with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere; it is gone—the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money in his hand, and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid.

"I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length. "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father and nestled against him her fair, curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow, as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms; his hard, sunburned face was very pale, and his mouth trembled.

"Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas day and any other day he will. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy; I will make amends!"

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And to-night I may feast Patrasche?" she cried, in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely: "Ay, ay! let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill-house was filled with oak logs and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with bread and meat, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns, too, for Alois, and toys of various fashions, and sweetmeats and bright-pictured papers. There was light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child fain would have made the dog a guest honored and feasted. But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was and very cold; but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baaz Cogez. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day-dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut; and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill-kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled and flamed

on the hearth. Neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Cogez, in the fulness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion. The house-mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning-wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped mirthful hours. Amidst it all, Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless new-comer, and, as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him, sped over the snow in the bitter black night. He had only one thought—to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cosey slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a by-gone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen all the evening long; it was now nearly ten. The trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered, a hundred times or more. The night was wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; the roads were sheets of ice, the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations. There was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold—old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the

new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house-shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns chanting drinking-songs. The streets were all white with ice. The high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp-irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor, gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved so well into the very heart of the burgh and up to the steps of the great Cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche. He could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art-passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the Cathedral were unclosed, after the midnight mass. Such heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space—guided straight to the gates of the chancel, and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I—a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry, and clasped him close.

"Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy's breast. The great tears stood in his brown, sad eyes; not for himself—for himself he was happy.

They lay together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows; now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still, and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the cold. Together they dreamed of the glad old days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly, through the darkness, a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles. The moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds; the snow had ceased to fall; the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the "Elevation of and the Descent from the Cross" were for one instant visible. Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them; the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face.

"I have seen them, at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine to him so long,—light, clear, sweet, and strong as though it streamed from the throne of heaven. Then suddenly it passed away; once more a great darkness covered the face of Christ. The arms of the boy drew close

again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face—*there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead. The cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of the Christ. As the day grew on there came an old hard-featured man, who wept as women weep.

"I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends—yea, to the half of my substance—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit.

"I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday," he said to the people, "a boy of rare promise and genius. An old wood-cutter on a fallen tree at eventide—that was all his theme. But there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him and take him with me and teach him art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud:

"O Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us, and the mother says thou shall stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noël week long—yes, even to the Feast of the Kings! And Patrasche will be so happy. O Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets; but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Ant-

werp gave unbidden. Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love and the other in the innocence of faith, from a world which for love has no recompense and for faith no fulfilment. All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided; for when they were found, the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side—forever!

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## A LETTER OF ADVICE.

WINTHROP M. PRAED.

[*From Miss Medora Trevillian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.*]

YOU tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Oh, think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered,
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same—is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing;
  If he comes to you riding a cob;
If he talks of his baking or brewing;
  If he puts up his feet on the hob;
If he ever drinks port after dinner;
  If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner—"
  My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
  While you are preparing the tea;
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
  While moonlight lies soft on the sea;
If he's sleepy, while you are capricious;
  If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
  My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty;
  If he does not look grand on his knees;
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
  Hills, valleys, rocks, waters and trees;
If he dotes not on desolate towers;
  If he likes not to hear the blasts blow;
If he knows not the language of flowers—
  My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk like a god of old story
  Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile like the sun in his glory
  On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
  Like music his soft speech must flow!
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal—
  My own Araminta, say "No!"

# ZAMORA.

JOHN TOBIN.

[From "The Honeymoon."]

ACT I., SCENE 1.—ROLANDO AND COUNT MONTALBAN.

ROLANDO. Well, on condition that we're very private,
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,
I'll waste some time with you. Go on, then;

[*Enter* ZAMORA, *disguised as* EUGENIO.]

I will but give directions to my page,
And follow you. The lad is handsome; and for one so young—
Save that his heart would flutter at a drum,
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—
He is the noblest youth in Christendom.
When before Tunis,
I got well scratched for leaping on the walls
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me.
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;
Cheered the dull time by reading merry tales;
And when my festering body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,
That the soft cadence of his dying tones
Dropped like an oily balsam on my wounds,
And breathed an healing influence throughout me—
But this is womanish! Order our dinner,
And I'll be with you presently.

[*Exit* COUNT *and* ZAMORA *comes forward.*]

ROL. The wars are ended, boy.

ZAMORA. I'm glad of that, sir.

ROL. You should be sorry if you love your master.

ZAM. Then I am very sorry.
ROL. We must part, boy!
ZAM. Part?
ROL. I am serious.
ZAM. Nay, you cannot mean it.
Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?
Saucy I'm sure I have not. If aught else,
It is my first fault; chide me gently for it—
Nay, heavily—but do not say, we part!
ROL. I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay,
Fit only now, with rusty swords and helmets,
To hang up in the armory, till the wars
New burnish me again; so poor, indeed,
I can but leanly cater for myself,
Much less provide for thee.
ZAM. Let not that
Divide us, sir; the thought of how I fared
Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.
Indeed, I never followed you for hire,
But for the simple and the pure delight
Of serving such a master. If we must part,
Let me wear out my service by degrees;
To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,
Some dearer one to-morrow; slowly thus
My nature may be weaned from her delight:
But suddenly to quit you, sir!—I cannot!
I should go broken-hearted.
ROL. Pshaw, those tears!
Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day,
I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid;
In the meantime, go and amuse yourself
With what is worthiest note in this famed city.
But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;
You'll meet (for they are weeds of every soil)
Abundance here of women; keep aloof!

For they are like the smooth but brittle ice,
That tempts th' unpracticed urchin to his ruin.
They are like comets, to be wondered at,
But not approached:
Go not within their reach! [*Exit.*]

ZAM. Doubt me not, sir.
What a hard fate is mine! to follow thus
With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,
And swears no great or noble quality
Ever yet lived in woman! When I read to him
The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,
Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin,
Who, crossed in love, has died—'mid peals of laughter
He praises the invention of the writer;
Or, growing angry, bids me shut the book,
Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.
What opposition has a maid like me
To turn the headstrong current of his spleen!
For though he sets off with a lavish tongue
My humble merits, thinking me a boy,
Yet, should I stand before his jaundiced sight
A woman, all that now is fair in me
Might turn to ugliness; all that is good
Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy.
Yet I must venture the discovery,
Though 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity
Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life;
I will, or lose him quite, or be his wife. [*Exit.*]

ACT III., SCENE 1.—An Inn. ROLANDO sitting at a table with wine.

ROL. 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman!
Here is the Count, now, who, in other matters,
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,

And woman, like a wildfire, runs throughout him.
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,
And wine and women are the battledores
That keep him going! What! Eugenio!

[*Enter* ZAMORA *as* EUGENIO.]

ZAM. Your pleasure, sir?
ROL. I am alone, and wish you to finish the story you began,
It is mournful yet 'tis pleasing!
ZAM. It was, indeed, a melancholy tale
From which I learnt it.
ROL. Lives it with you still!
ZAM. Faintly, as would an ill-remembered dream, sir.
Yet so far I remember—now my heart—[*aside*]
'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,
Of a brave spirit; and his outward form
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,
Who, out of pure affection and true love,
Followed his fortune to the wars.
ROL. Why this
Is our own history.
ZAM. So far indeed,
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.
For in the sequel (so, sir, the story ran)—
Turned out to be a woman.
ROL. How! a woman?
ZAM. Yes, sir, a woman.
ROL. Live with him a twelvemonth,
And he not find the secret out!
ZAM. 'Twas strange!
ROL. Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first blush,
A palpable and most transparent lie!
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,
She had herself betrayed it!

ZAM. Yet, 'tis said,
She kept it to her death; that oft as love
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,
Shame set a seal upon them. Thus long time
She nourished, in this strife of love and modesty,
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,
Till, in the sight of him her soul most cherished—
Like flowers, that on a river's margin fading
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream,—
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath
Revealed her story.

ROL. You have told it well, boy!

ZAM. I feel it deeply, sir; I knew the lady.

ROL. Knew her! You don't believe it?

ZAM. What regards
Her death I will not vouch for; but the rest—
Her hopeless love, her silent patience,
The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—
I was a witness to. Indeed, her story
Is a most true one.

ROL. She should not have died!
A wench like this were worth a soldier's love,
And were she living now——

[*Enter the* COUNT.]

ZAM. [*aside*]. 'Tis well!

[ROLANDO *crosses to* COUNT. *They converse apart.*]

He was touched, surely, with the piteous tale
Which I delivered; and but that the Count
Prevented him, would have broken freely out
Into a full confession of his feelings
Toward such a woman as I painted to him.
Why, then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!
Henceforth, my woman's gear—I'll trust to you. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV., SCENE 2.—A wood. [Enter ZAMORA, in woman's apparel veiled.]

ZAM. Now, all good spirits that delight to prosper
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me!
Yonder he comes. I'll rest upon this bank.
If I can move his curiosity,
The rest may follow.

[*She reclines on the bank, pretending to sleep. Enter* ROLANDO.]

ROL. What, hoa, Eugenio!
He is so little apt to play the truant,
I fear some mischief has befallen him. [*Sees* ZAMORA.]
What have we here? A woman! By this light,
Or rather by this darkness, 'tis a woman!
Doing no mischief, only dreaming of it!
It is the stillest, most inviting spot!
We are alone! If, without waking her,
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—
Hold, hold, Rolando! Art thou not forsworn,
If thou but touchest even the finger's end
Of fickle woman? I have sworn an oath,
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke me;
That is, in towns or cities. I remember
There was a special clause—or should have been—
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood;
For though to the strict letter of the law
We bind our neighbors, yet in our own cause
We give liberal and a large construction
To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

[*She stirs as if awaking.*]

Hush! She prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,
That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers!
But, for the interruption I have caused,
You see me ready as a gentleman,
To make you all amends.

ZAM. To a stranger
You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—
ROL. What shall I say? Not so; you are no
Stranger—
ZAM Do you then know me? Heaven forbid! [*Aside.*]
ROL. Too well.
ZAM. How, sir?
ROL. I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth,
And, from report, loved you an age before!
Why, is it possible you never heard
Of my sad passion?
ZAM. Never.
ROL. You amaze me!
ZAM. What can he mean? [*Aside.*]
ROL. The sonnets I have written to your beauty
Have kept a paper-mill in full employ;
And then the letters I have given by dozens
Unto your chambermaid! But I begin,
By this unlooked-for strangeness you put on,
Almost to think she ne'er delivered them.
ZAM. Indeed, she never did. He does but jest. [*Aside.*]
Perhaps you misdirected them?
What superscription did you put upon them?
ROL. What superscription? None!
ZAM. None!
ROL. Not a tittle!
Think ye, very fair lady, I have no discretion?
I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,
Or lost, you know—
ZAM. And in your sonnets, sir,
What title was I honored by?
ROL. An hundred!—
All but your real one.
ZAM. What is that? [*Quickly.*]
ROL. She has me!

Faith, lady, you have run me to a stand.
I know you not—never before beheld you—
Yet I'm in love with you extempore;
And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound
Never to hold communion with your sex,
Yet has your beauty, and your modesty—
Come, let me see your face.

ZAM. Nay; that would prove
I had no modesty, perhaps nor beauty.
Besides, I too have taken a rash oath,
Never to love but one man.

ROL. At a time?

ZAM. One at all times.

ROL. You're right: I am the man.

ZAM. You are, indeed, sir!

ROL. How? Now *you* are jesting!

ZAM. No, on my soul! I have sent up to heaven
A sacred and irrevocable vow;
And if, as some believe, there does exist
A spirit in the waving of the woods,
Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills
And seated rocks a contemplating soul
Brooding on all things round them, to all nature
I here renew the solemn covenant—
Never to love but you!

ROL. And who are you!

ZAM. In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman.
And, but I know the high pitch of your mind
From such low thoughts maintains a towering distance,
I would add, rich; yet is it no misfortune.
Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape,
Your eyes are your informers. For my face,
I cannot think of that so very meanly,
For you have often praised it.

ROL. I! Unveil, then,
That I may praise it once again.
ZAM. Not now, sir,
We are observed.
ROL. [*seeing* VOLANTE]. Confusion!

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ACT V.—Again in the wood. ROLANDO meets the second sister, VOLANTE, who has her servants tie him to a tree. Then she approaches with three women, and they amuse themselves by tormenting and pinching him as the avowed woman-hater. They make a circle and dance round him. ROLANDO, after repeated struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword, and cuts the ropes that bind him. The women run off; he extricates himself and comes forward.

ROL. So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils that worried St. Anthony were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why, I'll marry her. Here's one already!

[*Enter* ZAMORA, *veiled.*]

ZAM. I've kept my word, sir.
ROL. So much the worse! For I must keep my oath. Are you prepared to die?
ZAM. Not by your hand.
I hardly think, when you have seen my face,
You'll be my executioner.
ROL. Thy face!
What, are you handsome? Don't depend on that!
If those rosy fingers, like Aurora's
Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth
Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;
Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;
An alabaster forehead, hung with locks
That glitter like Hyperion's; and a cheek
Where the live crimson steals upon the white,
You have no hope of mercy!
ZAM. [*unveiling*]. Now, then, strike!
ROL. Eugenio?

ZAM. Your poor boy, sir!
ROL. How, a woman?
A real woman?
What a dull ass have I been! Nay, 'tis so.
ZAM. You see the sister of that scornful lady,
Who, with such fixed disdain, refused your love,
Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,
Glancing from her impenetrable heart,
Struck deep in mine. In a romantic hour,
Unknown to all, I left my father's house,
And followed you to the wars. What has since happened
It better may become you to remember
Than me to utter.
ROL. I am caught at last!
Caught by a woman, excellently caught,
Hampered beyond redemption! Why, thou witch!
That, in a brace of minutes, hast produced
A greater revolution in my soul
Than thy whole sex could compass! Thou enchantress,
Prepare! For I must kill thee certainly! [*Throws away sword.*]
But it shall be with kindness. My poor boy! [*They embrace.*]
I'll marry thee to-night. Yet have a care!
For I shall love thee most unmercifully.
ZAM. And as a wife should you grow weary of me,
I'll be your page again.
ROL. We'll to your father!
ZAM. Alas! I fear I have offended him
Beyond the reach of pardon.
ROL. Think not so!
In the full flood of joy at your return,
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.
What will they say to me? Why, they may say,
And truly, that I made a silly vow,
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. [*Exeunt.*]

# COUNT LUDWIG AND THE WOOD-SPIRIT.

DINAH M. CRAIK.

COUNT LUDWIG rode through the forest deep,
And he trilled a lightsome song,
And thought of his ladye-love's sweet soft eyes,
That would smile his welcome ere long.

"Now, whither ridest so fast, sir knight,
On the back of thy good gray steed?
And wherefore dost carol so gay, good knight,
Nor the stranger biddest good-speed?"

Is it the echo or is it the wind
In the boughs that whispers thus?
No! beside him there standeth a woman fair,
With tresses gold-luminous.

Her robe is the hue of the forest leaves,
Her eyes like the sky above;
Her voice rings sweet as in maiden's ears
The whisper of early love.

Gayly the young count laughed, and bent
In courtesy frank and free:
"Good sooth, I knew not, ladye, I rode
In such fair company."

He throws the rein on his courser's neck,
And leaps to the grassy dell:
Has he forgotten his ladye waits
For his coming she loveth well?

He has drunk strange poison from those wild eyes,
He is lured by that angel air;
And far through the forest's mazes dim
He follows the damsel fair.

She bound him fast with unholy spells,
  And bore to her magic cell;
Three months, as it seemed, in those forest bowers
  Did the knight and the wood-nymph dwell.

She has charmed all memories of earth away
  (As she deems) with her beauty's power,
And fearless leads him beyond the bounds
  Of the spell-enwoven bower.

He hears the sound of a vesper bell,
  And the mists from his spirit roll,
And the long-forgotten joys of earth
  Rush o'er his enfranchised soul.

"I must go, I must go, for my loved one waits;
  Begone, evil witch!" he cried.
"O erring heart! to be lured away
  From my own troth-plighted bride."

Wild lightnings flash from her calm blue eyes,
  And her face grows foul to see:
"When thou hailest thy bride at the altar's foot,
  Kiss her as I kiss thee."

Bending, she kisses Count Ludwig's brow,
  And he starts with the burning pain;
He turns—she is gone! and in fear and haste
  He seeks the known path again.

It was broad noon-day when he left the track,
  Now the shadows of eve grow dim;
And, O wonder! his steed by the wayside stands,
  And patient awaiteth him.

He rides like wind, nor looks behind,
  And the past seems like a dream,
As he sees his ladye-love's castle towers
  Afar in the moonlight gleam.

Count Ludwig sits at his ladye's feet,
  And looks in her eyes so fair;
And feels the light touch of her soft white hand,
  As it wanders amidst his hair.

"Now, what is this?" cried the maid in fear;
  "What meaneth this blood-red ring?
Thou hadst no such signet upon thy brow
  When last thou went'st journeying."

A shade passed over the young knight's face:
  "'Tis nothing, sweet love," he cried;
"A troubled dream I would fain forget,
  When again by thy dear side."

He calmed her fears with his tender words,
  And the maiden smiled again;
Nor over the sunshine of their love
  Frowned one dark shadow of pain.

Bold knights, proud nobles, and ladies bright
  Are thronging the chapel aisles;
And the fair bride stands rich in happy love,
  With her changeful tears and smiles.

"The rites are o'er, and Count Ludwig turns
  Unto her, now forever his;
With heart full of joy, on her fairest brow
  He presses a husband's kiss.

One cry of wild agony—one look
  In his face of love untold—
And the young bride lies at the bridegroom's feet,
  Deathstricken, pale and cold.

A mark is on the pure forehead laid,
  A ring of crimson stain;
Count Ludwig saw, and with maniac shriek
  He fled from the holy fane.

They wept o'er the bride of a moment, dead
  Through him who her life had been;
But nevermore on the face of earth
  Was the sinful bridegroom seen.

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## JARL SIGURD'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

JARL SIGURD, he rides o'er the foam-crested brine,
  And he heeds not the billowy brawl,
  For he yearns to behold gentle Swanwhite, the maid,
Who abides in Sir Burislav's hall.

"Jarl Sigurd, the viking, he comes, he is near!
  Jarl Sigurd, the scourge of the sea!
Among the wild rovers who dwell on the deep
  There is none that is dreaded as he.

"Oh, hie ye, ye maidens, and hide where you can,
  Ere the clang of his war-ax ye hear,
For the wolf of the woods has more pity than he,
  And his heart is as grim as his spear."

Thus ran the dread tidings from castle to hut,
  Through the length of Sir Burislav's land,
As they spied the red pennon unfurled to the breeze,
  And the galleys that steered for the strand.

But with menacing brow, looming high in his prow,
  Stood Jarl Sigurd, and fair to behold
Was his bright yellow hair, as it waved in the air,
  'Neath the glittering helmet of gold.

"Up, my comrades, and stand with your broadswords in hand,
  For the war is great Odin's delight;
And the Thunderer proud, how he laughs in his cloud,
  When the Norsemen prepare for the fight!"

And the light galleys bore the fierce crew to the shore,
  And naught good did their coming forebode,
And a wail rose on high to the storm-riven sky,
  As to Burislav's castle they strode.

Then the stout-hearted men of Sir Burislav's train,
  To the gateway came thronging full fast;
And the battle-blade rang with a murderous clang,
  Borne aloft on the wings of the blast.

And they hewed and they thrust, till each man bit the dust,
  Their fierce valor availing them naught.
But the Thunderer proud, how he laughed in his cloud,
  When he saw how the Norsemen had fought!

Then came Burislav forth to the men of the north;
  Thus in quivering accents spake he:
"O ye warriors, name me the ransom ye claim,
  Or in gold, or in robes, or in fee."

"Oh, what reck I thy gold," quoth Jarl Sigurd, the bold,
"Has not Thor laid it all in my hand?
Give me Swanwhite, the fair, and by Balder I swear
I shall never revisit thy land.

"For my vengeance speeds fast, and I come like the blast
Of the night o'er the billowy brine;
I forget not thy scorn and the laugh, on that morn,
When I wooed me the maid that was mine."

Then the chief, sore afraid, brought the lily-white maid
To the edge of the blood-sprinkled field;
And they bore her aloft o'er the sward of the croft,
On the vault of the glittering shield.

But amain in their path, in a whirlwind of wrath,
Came young Harold, Sir Burislav's son;
With a great voice he cried, while the echoes replied:
"Lo, my vengeance, it cometh anon!"

"Hark ye, Norsemen, hear great tidings: Odin, Thor and Freyr
are dead;
And white Christ, the strong and gentle, standeth peace-crowned
in their stead.
Lo, the blood-stained day of vengeance to the ancient night is
hurled,
And the dawn of Christ is beaming blessings o'er the new-born
world.

See the cross in splendor gleaming, far and wide o'er pine-clad
heath,
While the flaming blade of battle slumbers in its golden sheath.
And before the lowly Saviour, e'en the rider of the sea,
Sigurd, tamer of the billow, he hath bent the stubborn knee."

Now at yule-tide sat he feasting on the shore of Drontheim fjord,
And his stalwart swains about him watched the bidding of their lord.
Huge his strength was, but his visage it was mild and fair to see;
Ne'er old Norway, heroes' mother, bore a mightier son than he.

With her maids sat gentle Swanwhite, 'neath a roof of gleaming shields,
As the rarer lily blossoms 'mid the green herbs of the fields;
To and fro their merry words flew lightly through the torchlit room,
Like a shuttle deftly skipping through the mazes of the loom.

And the scalds with nimble fingers o'er the sounding harp-strings swept;
Now the music moved in laughter, now in hidden woe it wept.
For they sang of Time's beginning, ere the sun the day brought forth,—
Sang as sing the ocean breezes through the pine-woods of the north;

Bolder beat the breasts of Norsemen, when, amid the tuneful din,
Open sprang the heavy hall-doors, and a stranger entered in.
Tall his growth, through low he bended o'er a twisted staff of oak,
And his stalwart shape was folded in a dun, unseemly cloak.

Straight the Jarl his voice uplifted: "Hail to thee, my guest austere!
Drain with me this cup of welcome; thou shalt share my yule-tide cheer.
Thou shalt sit next to my high-seat e'en though lowly be thy birth,
For to-night our Lord, the Saviour, came a stranger to His earth."

Up, then, rose the gentle Swanwhite, and her eyes with fear grew bright,
Down her dusky hall she drifted, as a shadow drifts by night.
"If my lord would hold me worthy," low she spake, "then grant me leave
To abide between the stranger and my lord, this Christmas eve."

"Strange, O guest, are women's council: still their folly is the staff
Upon which our wisdom leaneth," and he laughed a burly laugh;
Lifted up her lissome body with a husband's tender pride,
Kissed her brow, and placed her gently in the high-seat at his side.

But the guest stood pale and quivered, where the red flames roof-
ward rose,
And he clenched the brimming goblet in his fingers fierce and close.
Then he spake: "All hail, Jarl Sigurd, mightiest of the Norse-
men, hail!
Ere I name to thee my tidings, I will taste thy flesh and ale."

Quoth the merry Jarl with fervor, "Courteous is thy speech and free,
While thy worn soul thou refreshest, I will sing a song to thee;
For beneath that dusky garment thou mayst hide a hero's heart,
And my hand, though stiff, hath scarcely yet unlearned the
singer's art."

Then the arms so tightly folded round his neck the Jarl unclasped,
And his heart was stirred within him as the silvern strings he
grasped;
But with eyes of meek entreaty, closely to his side she clung,
While his mighty soul rose upward on the billows of the song.

For he sang in tones impassioned of the death of Æsir bright,
Sang the song of Christ, the glorious, who was born a babe to-night;
How the hosts of heaven victorious joined the anthem of His birth;
Of the kings the starlight guided from the far lands of the earth.

And anon with bodeful glamour fraught, the hurrying rhymes
sped on,
As he sang the law of vengeance and the wrath forever gone;
Of grim gods with murder sated, who had laid the fair earth waste,
Who had whetted swords of Norsemen, plunged them into Norse-
men's breast.

But he shook a shower of music, rippling from the silver strings,
And bright visions rose of angels and of fair and shining things,
As he sang of heaven's rejoicing at the white Christ's bloodless reign,
Glory unto God on highest, peace and good-will unto men!

But the guest sat dumb and hearkened, staring at the brimming bowl,
While the lay with mighty wing-beat swept the darkness of his soul.
For the Christ who worketh wonders as of old, so, e'en to-day,
Sent His angel downward gliding on the ladder of the lay.

As the host his rhyme had ended with a last resounding twang,
And within the harp's dumb chamber, murmurous echoes faintly rang,
Up, then, sprang the guest, and straightway downward rolled his garment dun—
There stood Harold, the avenger, Burislav's undaunted son.

High he loomed above the feasters in the torchlight dim and weird,
From his eyes hot tears were streaming, sparkling in his tawny beard;
Shining in his sea-blue mantle stood he 'mid that wondering throng,
And each maiden thought him fairest, and each warrior vowed him strong.

Swift he bared his blade of battle, flung it quivering on the board,
"Lo!" he cried, "I came to bid thee baleful greeting with my sword.
Thou hast dulled the edge that never shrank from battle's fiercest test;
Now I come, as comes a brother, swordless unto brother's breast.

"With three hundred men I landed in the gloaming at thy shore:
Dost thou hear their axes clanking on their shields without thy door?
But a yearning woke within me my sweet sister's voice to hear,
To behold her face and whisper words of warning in her ear.

"But I knew not of the new-born king, who holds the earth in sway,
And whose voice like fragrance blended in the soarings of thy lay.
This my vengeance now, O brother: Foes as friends shall hands unite,
Teach me, thou, thy wondrous tidings, and the law of Christ the White."

Touched as by an angel's glory, strangely shone Jarl Sigurd's face,
As he locked his foe, his brother, in a brotherly embrace;
And each warrior, upward leaping, swung his horn with gold bedight:
"Hail to Sigurd, hail to Harold, three times hail to Christ the White!"

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## THE SONG OF THE MARKET-PLACE.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

GAY was the throng that poured through the streets of the old French town;
The walls with bunting streamed, and the flags tossed up and down.
"Vive l' roi! Vive l' roi!"—the shout of the people rent the air,
And the cannon shook and roared, and the bells were all a-blare.

But, crouched by St. Peter's fount, a beggar with her child,
Weary and faint and starved, with eyes that were sad and wild,
Gazed on the passing crowd, and cried, as it went and came—
"Alms, for the love of God! Pity in Jesu's name!"

Few were the coins that fell in the little cup she bore,
But she looked at her starving babe and cried from her heart the more—
"Alms, for the love of God! Mother of Jesu, hear!"
The steeples shook with bells, and the prayer was drowned in a cheer.

But see! through the thoughtless crowd comes one with a regal face.
He catches the beggar's prayer and turns with a gentle grace:
"Alms thou shalt have, poor soul!—Alas, not a sou to share!
But stay!"—and he doffs his hat and stands in the crowded square.

Then from his heart he sang a little song of the south,
A far-off cradle song, that fell from his mother's mouth.
And the din was hushed in the square, and the people stood as mute
As the beasts in the Thracian wood, when Orpheus touched his lute.

The melting tenor ceased, and a sob from the list'ners came.
"Mario!" cried a voice, and the throng caught up the name.
"Mario!" and the coins rained like a shower of gold,
Till the singer's hat o'erflowed like Midas' chests of old.

"Sister," he said, and turned to the beggar crouching there,
"Take it; the gold is thine; Jesu hath heard thy prayer."
Then kissed the white-faced child, and smiling went his way,
Gladdened with kindly thoughts and the joy of holiday.

That night, when the footlights shone on the famous tenor's face,
And he bowed to the splendid throng with his wonted princely grace,
Cheer after cheer went up, and, stormed at with flowers, he stood
Like a dark and noble pine, when the blossoms blow through the wood.

Wilder the tumult grew, till out of his fine despair
The thought of the beggar rose, and the song he had sung in the
square.
Raising his hand, he smiled, and a silence filled the place,
While he sang that simple air, with the love-light on his face.

Wet were the singer's cheeks when the last note died away—
Brightest of all his bays, the wreath that he won that day!
Sung for the love of God, sung for sweet pity's sake,
Song of the market-place, tribute of laurel take.

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## ONE WAY OF LOVE.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL June I bound the rose in sheaves;
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die!
The chance was they might take her eye.

How many months I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string; fold music's wing:
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

My whole life long I learned to love.
This hour my utmost art I prove,
And speak my passion—heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'Tis well!
Lose who may, I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they!

# THE TENOR.

H. C. BUNNER.

IT was a dim, quiet room in an old-fashioned New York house. The door opened, and two pretty girls came in, one in hat and furs, the other in a modest house dress. The girl in the furs was fair, with a bright color in her cheeks, and an eager, intent look in her clear brown eyes. The other girl was dark-eyed and dark-haired, dreamy, with a soft, warm dusky color in her face. They were two very pretty girls indeed—or, rather, two girls about to be very pretty, for neither one was eighteen years old. The dark girl glanced at a little porcelain clock.

"You are in time, dear," she said, and helped her companion to take off her wraps. Then the two girls crossed the room, and, with a caressing and almost a reverent touch, the dark girl opened the doors of a little carven cabinet that hung upon the wall, above a small table covered with a delicate white cloth. In its depths, framed in a mat of odorous double violets, stood the photograph of a face of a handsome man of forty—a face crowned with clustering black locks, from beneath which a pair of large, mournful eyes looked out with something like religious fervor in their rapt gaze. It was the face of a foreigner.

"Oh, Esther! how beautifully you have dressed him to-day!"

"I wanted to get more, but I've spent almost all my allowance—and violets do cost so shockingly. Come now," with another glance at the clock, "don't let's lose any more time, Louise dear."

She brought a couple of tiny candles in Sèvres candlesticks, and two little silver saucers, in which she lit fragrant pastilles. As the pale gray smoke rose, floating in faint wreaths and spirals before the enshrined photograph, Louise sat down and gazed intently upon the little altar. Esther went to her piano and watched the clock. It struck two. Her hands fell softly on the keys, and, studying a printed program in front of her, she began to play an overture.

After the overture she played one or two pieces of the regular concert stock. Then she paused.

"I can't play the Tschaikowski piece."

"Never mind. Let us wait for him in silence."

The hands of the clock pointed to 2:29. Each girl drew a quick breath, and then the one at the piano began to sing softly, almost inaudibly, "Les Rameaux" in a transcription for tenor of Faure's great song. When it was ended, she played and sang the encore. Then, with her fingers touching the keys so softly that they awakened only an echo-like sound, she ran over the numbers that intervened between the first tenor solo and the second. Then she sang again, as softly as before.

The fair-haired girl sat by the little table, gazing intently on the picture. Her great eyes seemed to devour it, and yet there was something absent-minded, speculative, in her steady look. She did not speak until Esther played the last number on the program.

"He had three encores for that last Saturday," she said, and Esther played the three encores.

Then they closed the piano and the little cabinet, and exchanged an innocent girlish kiss, and Louise went out, and found her father's coupé waiting for her, and was driven away to her great, gloomy, brown-stone home near Central Park.

It happened to be a French tenor whom they were worshipping. It might as well have been anybody or anything else. They were both at that period of girlish growth when the young female bosom is torn by a hysterical craving to worship something—anything. They had been studying music, and they had selected the tenor who was the sensation of the hour in New York for their idol. They had heard him only on the concert stage; they were never likely to see him nearer.

On the following Monday, Esther Van Guilder returned her friend's call, in response to an urgent invitation, despatched by mail.

Esther found Louise in a state of almost feverish excitement. Her eyes shone, the color burned high on her clear cheeks.

"You never would guess what I've done, dear!" she began, as soon as they were alone in the big room. "I'm going to see *him*—to speak to him—*Esther!*" Her voice was solemnly hushed, "to *serve* him!"

"Oh, Louise! what *do* you mean?"

"To serve him—with my own hands! To—to—help him on with his coat—I don't know—to do something that a servant does—anything, so that I can say that once, once only, just for an hour, I have been near him, been of use to him, served him in one little thing, as loyally as he serves OUR ART."

Music was *their* art, and no capitals could tell how much it was theirs or how much of an art it was.

"Louise, are you crazy?"

"No. Read this!" She handed the other girl a clipping from the advertising columns of a newspaper:

> CHAMBERMAID AND WAITRESS.—WANTED, A NEAT and willing girl, for light work. Apply to Mme. Rémy, The Midlothian,.....Broadway.

"I saw it just by accident, Saturday, after I left you. Papa had left his paper in the coupé. I was going up to my First Aid to the Injured Class—it's at four o'clock now, you know. I made up my mind right off—it came to me like an inspiration. I just waited until it came to the place where they showed how to tie up arteries, and then I slipped out. Lots of the girls slip out in the horrid parts, you know. And then, instead of waiting in the anteroom, I put on my wrap, and pulled the hood over my head and ran off to the Midlothian—it's just around the corner, you know. And I saw his wife."

"What was she like?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sort of horrid—actressy. She had a pink silk wrapper with swansdown all over it—at four o'clock, think! I was *awfully* frightened when I got there; but it wasn't the least trouble. She hardly looked at me, and she engaged me right off. She just asked me if I was willing to do a whole lot of things—I

forget what they were—and where I'd worked before. I said at Mrs. Barcalow's."

"Mrs. Barcalow's?"

"Why, yes—my Aunt Amanda, don't you know—up in Framingham. I always have to wash the teacups when I go there. Aunty says that everybody has got to do *something* in *her* house."

"Oh, Louise! how can you think of such things?"

"Well, I did. And she—his wife, you know—just said: 'Oh, I suppose you'll do as well as any one—all you girls are alike.'"

"But did she really take you for a—*servant?*"

"Why, yes, indeed. It was raining. I had that old ulster on, you know. I'm to go at twelve o'clock next Saturday."

"But, Louise! you don't truly mean to go!"

"I do!"

"*Oh, Louise!*"

"Now, listen, dear. Don't say a word till I tell you what my plan is. I've thought it all out, and you've got to help me."

Esther shuddered.

"You foolish child!" cried Louise. Her eyes were sparkling; she was in a state of ecstatic excitement; she could see no obstacles to the carrying out of her plan. "You don't think I mean to *stay* there, do you? I'm just going at twelve o'clock, and at four he comes back from the matinée, and at five o'clock I'm going to slip on my things and run downstairs, and have you waiting for me in the coupé, and off we go. Now, do you see?"

"Oh, child, it's you, is it?" was Mme. Rémy's greeting at twelve o'clock on Saturday. "Well, you're punctual—and you look clean. Now, are you going to break my dishes or are you going to steal my rings? Well, we'll find out soon enough. Go up to the servants' quarters—right at the top of those stairs there. Ask for the room that belongs to Apartment 11. You are to room with their girl."

Louise was glad of a moment's respite. She had taken the plunge; she was determined to go through to the end. But her heart *would* beat and her hands *would* tremble. She climbed up

six flights of winding stairs, and found herself weak and dizzy when she reached the top and gazed around her. She was in a great half-story room eighty feet square, divided in three rows of cell-like rooms. She found No. 11, threw off, desperately, her hat and jacket, and sank down all trembling from head to foot.

"Hello," called a cheery voice. She looked up and saw a girl in a dirty calico dress.

"Just come?" inquired this person, with agreeable informality. She was a good-looking large girl, with red hair and bright cheeks. She leaned against the door-post and polished her finger-nails with a little brush. Her hands were shapely.

"Ain't got on to the stair-climbing racket, yet, eh? You'll get used to it. My name's Slattery. You'd think I was Irish, wouldn't you? Well, I'm straight Ne' York. I'd be dead before I was Irish. Born here. Ninth Ward an' next to an engine-house. How's that? There's white Jews, too. I worked for one, pickin' sealskins down in Prince street. Most took the lungs out of me. But that wasn't why I shook the biz. It queered my hands—see? I'm goin' to be married in the fall to a German gentleman. He ain't so Dutch when you know him, though. He's a grocer. Drivin' now; but he buys out the boss in the fall. How's that? He's dead stuck on my hooks, an' I have to keep 'em lookin' good. I come here because the work was light. I don't have to work—only to be doin' somethin', see? Only got five halls and the lamps. You got a fam'ly job, I s'pose? I wouldn't have that. I don't mind the Sooprintendent; but I'd be dead before I'd be bossed by a woman, see? Say, what fam'ly did you say you was with?"

This stream of talk had acted like a nerve-tonic on Louise. She was able to answer: "M—Mr. Rémy."

"Ramy?—oh, lord! Got the job with His Tonsils? Well, you won't keep it long. They're meaner'n three balls, see? Rent their room up here and chip in with eleven. Their girls don't never stay. Well, I got to step, or the Sooprintendent'll be borin' my ear. Well—so long!"

But Louise had fled down the stairs. "His Tonsils" rang in her ears. What blasphemy! What sacrilege! She could scarcely pretend to listen to Mme. Rémy's first instructions. She helped to sponge a heap of faded finery—*her* dresses. If they had been *his* coats! Louise bent her hot face over the tawdry silks and satins, and clasped her parboiled little finger-tips over the wet sponge. At half-past three Mme. Rémy broke the silence.

"We must get ready for Musseer." An ecstatic joy filled Louise's being. The hour of her reward was at hand.

Getting ready for "Musseer" proved to be an appalling process. First they brewed what Mme. Rémy called a "teaze Ann." After the *tisane*, a host of strange foreign drugs and cosmetics were marshalled in order. Then water was set to heat on a gas-stove. Then a little table was neatly set.

"Musseer has his dinner at half-past four," Madame explained. "I don't take mine till he's laid down and I've got him off to the concert. There, he's coming now. Sometimes he comes home pretty nervous. If he's nervous, don't you go and make a fuss—do you hear, child?"

The door opened, and Musseer entered, wrapped in a huge frogged overcoat. There was no doubt that he was nervous. He cast his hat upon the floor, as if he were Jove dashing a thunderbolt. Fire flashed from his eyes. He advanced upon his wife and thrust a newspaper in her face—a little pinky sheet, a notorious blackmailing publication.

"Zees," he cried, "is your work!"

"What *is* it, now, Hipleet?"

"Vot it ees? It ees ze history of how zey have heest me at Nice It ees all zair—how I have been heest—in zis sacre sheet—in zis handkairchif of infamy! And it ees you zat have told it to za' devil of a Rastignac—*traitresse!*"

"Now, Hipleet, if I can't learn enough French to talk with you, how am I going to tell Rastignac about your being hissed?"

This reasoning silenced Mr. Rémy for an instant—an instant only.

"You *vood* have done it!"

"Well, I didn't, and nobody reads that thing, any way. Now, don't you mind it, and let me get your things off, or you'll be catching cold."

Mr. Rémy yielded to the necessity of self-preservation, and permitted his wife to remove his frogged overcoat, and to unwind him from a system of silk wraps to which the Gordian knot was a slip-noose. This done, he sat down before the dressing-case, and Mme. Rémy, after tying a bib around his neck, proceeded to dress his hair and put brilliantine on his mustache. Her husband enlivened the operation by reading from the pinky paper:

"It ees not gena-ra-l-lee known—zat zees dees-tin-guished tenor vos heest on ze pob-lic staidj at Nice—in ze year—"

Louise leaned against the wall, sick, faint and frightened, with a strange sense of shame and degradation at her heart. At last the tenor's eye fell on her.

"Anozzair eediot?"

"She ain't very bright, Hipleet, but I guess she'll do. Louise, open the door—there's the caterer."

Louise placed the dishes upon the table mechanically. The tenor set himself at the board, and tucked a napkin in his neck.

"And how did the Benediction Song go this afternoon?"

"Ze Benediction? Ah! One *encore*. One on-lee. Zese pigs of Américains. I t'row my pairls biffo' swine. *Chops once more!* You vant to mordair me? Vat do zis mean, madame? You r-r-r-re in lig wiz my enemies. All ze vorlt is against ze ar-r-r-rest!"

The storm that followed made the first seem a zephyr. The tenor exhausted his execratory vocabulary in French and English. At last, by way of a dramatic finale, he seized the plate of chops and flung it from him. He aimed at the wall; but Frenchmen do not pitch well. With a ring and a crash, plate and chops went through the broad window-pane. In the moment of stricken speechlessness that followed, the sound of the final smash came softly up from the sidewalk.

"Ah-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah!"

The tenor rose to his feet with the howl of an anguished hyena.

"Oh, good gracious! he's going to have one of his creezes—his creezes de nare!"

He did have a *crise de nerfs.* "Ten dollair!" he yelled, "for ten dollair of glass!" He tore his pomaded hair; he tore off his bib and his necktie, and for three minutes without cessation he shrieked wildly and unintelligibly. It was possible to make out, however, that "arteest" and "ten dollair" were the themes of his improvisation. Finally he sank exhausted into the chair, and his white-faced wife rushed to his side.

"Louise! get the foot-tub out of the closet while I spray his throat, or he can't sing a note. Fill it up with warm water—102 degrees—there's the thermometer—and bathe his feet."

Trembling from head to foot, Louise obeyed her orders, and brought the foot-tub, full of steaming water. Then she knelt down and began to serve the maestro for the first time. She took off his shoes. Then she looked at his socks. Could she do it?

"Eediot! make haste! I die!"

"Hold your mouth open, dear," said Madame, "I haven't half sprayed you."

"Ah, *you!* Cat! Devil! It ees you zat have killed me!" And moved by an access of blind rage, he extended his arm and thrust his wife violently from him.

Louise rose to her feet, with a hard, set, good old New England look on her face. She lifted the tub of water to the level of her breast, and then she inverted it on the tenor's head. For one instant she gazed at the deluge, and at the bath-tub balanced on the maestro's skull like a helmet several sizes too large—then she fled like the wind.

Once in the servants' quarters, she snatched her hat and jacket. From below came mad yells of rage.

"I kill hare? give me my knife—give me my rivvolvare! Au secours! Assassin!"

Miss Slattery appeared in the doorway, still polishing her nails.

"What have you done to His Tonsils? He's pretty hot, this trip."

"How can I get away from here?" cried Louise.

Miss Slattery pointed to a small door. Louise rushed down a long stairway—another—and yet others—through a great room where there was a smell of cooking and a noise of fires—past white-capped cooks and scullions—through a long stone corridor, and out into the street. She cried aloud as she saw Esther's face at the window of the coupé.

She drove home—cured.

Owing to the
Sudden Indisposition
of
M. Rémy,
There will be no
Concert
This Evening.
Money Refunded at the
Box Office.

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## THE FRENCH MARKET.

W. P. J.

JOSE OLIVIO, young, lithe and strong,
Stands in the market with insolent air;
With elbows akimbo, scanning the throng,
He tosses the curls of his raven black hair.
There's a smile on his lip, but the gleam in his eye
Plays like the sheen of a Damascene blade,
And the girls who just glance as they come tripping by,
Turn from the beauty which makes them afraid.

Olive his cheek, but the blood of the grape
  Has flushed it a little, and given a glow—
Young Dionysus took on this shape—
  Means he now revelry, mischief or woe?

Some say that Jose is out of his sphere,
  Blue-blooded, gentle-born, cradled in pride;
Cadiz his birth-place, his father the peer
  Of any hidalgo; who took for his bride
The heiress of mines. But Lord knows what blood
  Mingled its currents, and poured in her veins;
Iberia and Carthage and Rome swelled the flood,
  Visigoth, Vandal and Moor; such is Spain's.
How came it? Who knows? But the lad went adrift,
  With a cloud on his life, a pang in his heart,
A pall on the past which man may not lift,
  Despair and defiance as steeds at life's start.

Such is the chariot race Jose has run;
  Little he's recked where his coursers have sped;
They have borne him exultant in heat of the sun,
  Through the dust and the din from the past that is dead.
Has he lacked for his bread, or light love, or strong wine?
  Not he to whom action and ardor is life;
The sea is his slave, he rules on the brine,
  He is ready for toil, or action, or strife.

But why stands he now with that mock on his lip,
  So that, somehow, the vendors of this or of that,
When they see him, find reason to quietly slip
  Round the edge of their stalls, and eagerly chat
About nothings with neighbors, his eye to escape?
  Well they remember—'tis two years ago—
How with Hernan Hernandez he had that small scrape,
  And gave him a sort of back-handed blow:

It counted for nothing—but Hernan is dead.
  And now, just a twelvemonth, he quarrelled again
With François Lafitte, and a shot in the head
  By somebody put poor François out of pain.

The roustabout Steve called him "dago" one day;
  Steve was a negro as black as the soot;
He was spoiled by his freedom, and had his horse-play
  By kicking and stamping—a giant and brute.
This little Olivio caught up a stone,
  And hit him right square on his chimpanzee brow,
So that stretched like Goliah Steve fell with a groan,
  And wanders round witless, a big beggar now.
He beat slim Camille with the hilt of his knife,
  And choked her and kicked her; the court could not act;
Little Camille would rather lose her own life
  Than hurt this Olivio by proving the fact.
But why tell afresh the devil's own beads,
  This rosary black with guilt, shame and crime,
Where each bead that is dropped rankles and bleeds.
  Let them sink to perdition, and rot in the slime.

But there now stands Jose waiting, it seems,
  For some one to come and cross his red path;
His brow has grown darker, as if evil dreams
  Were conjured from hell by the spell of his wrath.
And hither comes stalking, sombre and stern,
  The sailor, Gil Sanchez, a fisherman now,
Basque to the bone, with dark eyes that burn,
  A resolute jaw, and heavy, square brow.
Broad-shouldered, thin-flanked, he marches right on,
  And looks not to the right or the left as he goes;
He carries his crest as high as a don;
  What matters the purse when the gold in it shows?

Straight onward he comes; but fronting him full,
  Jose steps forward, and says, with a sneer,
"Blessed Virgin protect us! Here's a Biscayan bull;
  Run, good people, and hide; you have reason for fear."

The sailor stopped short, his eye on his foe;
  A moment he pondered, as gathering strength;
Then with words that came dropping, weighty and slow,
  He cast back the reproach: "So, Jose, at length,
You pick out this place to answer the word
  Which clothed you with shame from your head to your feet
When your loaded dice won. You never once stirred
  Last night, though you shivered, when I branded you cheat."
"Thou liest, thou son of a she-wolf! Thy den
  Was a cave in the rocks; thy plundering mother—"
But Gil Sanchez flings back, "It comes to this, then.
  Call Don Jose a cheat, and he calls you another!"

"You call me a cheat! You pirate! You thief!
  I will have your heart's blood, if to meet me you dare."
The Basque strode toward him, but a sigh of relief
  From the gathering crowd heaved out on the air,
As Jose leaped backward and broke through the ring,
  His glittering eye glancing and taking in all;
His enemy's menace, the crowd—everything,
  Till he saw what he wanted, a knife on a stall!
Like lightning he sprang and seized the bright blade;
  Then, with bounds like a panther, right onward he came
At the man he had fled from. But Gil (not afraid),
  Though he saw that his life was the stake of the game,
In turn wheeled and fled, some advantage to gain,
  For he felt that the battle was badly begun.
'Tis a race now for life; down each narrow lane,
  Around booths, between stalls—how they pant as they run!

But the tumult, the people, the women who shriek,
  The wringing of hands, the tears, the pale face

Of Barbara, who bends o'er her babe, wan and meek,
  And prays Blessed Mary for safety and grace.
See the negroes, they chatter and roll their white eyes,
  And huddle and scamper, their black skins turn gray;
Look at them! their feet keeping time, as he flies,
  With Jose or Gil; 'tis as good as a play.
"Ha! talk of your bull-fights, but this is a time
  To feel every nerve as tense as the string
Of a bow," says Baltasar. "Perhaps 'tis a crime,
  But I feel like I saw that Basque bull in the ring,
And the matador close at his heels with the sword
  To give him a stroke; but beware of his horn,
Thou bull-killing Jose! I have known a man gored
  By a bull of this breed; thou must smite and not scorn."

But the fleet-footed Jose is gaining; Gil sees,
  At the turn of a stall the grim shadow of death;
Yet his eye is alert, as he rapidly flees,
  And he gathers his strength as hard comes his breath.
There lies the great cleaver that Sigismund swings,
  When he hews up the beef which hangs o'er his block;
Sanchez pounces upon it, and, whirling, he flings
  Himself straight at his foe, who recoils from the shock.
Too late, mad pursuer! On thy shoulder-blade falls
  The axe, crashing down through brawn and through bone;
The red blood leaps, spurting o'er pavement and walls,
  And the fighter sinks down with a curse and a groan.
His eyes swim in blackness, but his fingers still clutch
  At the hilt of his knife, and then feebly relax,
And, mangled and crumpled he dies in a hutch.
  Sanchez gives him one look, then throws down the axe.
The people come gathering; a roar and a rush;
  Some shrieks and a sob from Camille, who bends
O'er the dead—"O my heart!" then a hush.
  The policeman is here—the tragedy ends.

# THE EXECUTION OF SYDNEY CARTON.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[Sydney Carton, a clever but dissolute man, had spent his life with but little profit to himself or others. Ten years before the incidents herein narrated, he met and loved desperately a young and beautiful girl, Lucie Monette, who soon after married his rival, Charles Darnay, to whom he bore a strange resemblance. Mr. Darnay's family, members of the French nobility, had persecuted the poor, for which he himself unjustly suffered, on a visit to Paris during the Revolution. He was tried and condemned to death. A great resolve comes to Carton, to sacrifice himself to save, for the woman he loves, the life of one beloved by her. He visits the prisoner, and by the connivance of a jailer—over whom he possesses power—carries out his purpose. The scene opens with Darnay in his cell.]

THE hours went on as Darnay walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them. Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprised that the final hour was three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore, he resolved to keep two before his mind, as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La Force, he heard one struck away from him, without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his recovered self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again. Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him, face to face, quiet, intent upon him, with the light of a smile on his features and a cautionary finger upon his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition of his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth, you least expected to see me?" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty, addressed to you in the most pathetic tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means: I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw on these of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw on these boots of mine. Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here. Change that cravat for this of mine, that coat for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this ribbon from your hair, and shake out your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength both of will and action that appeared quite supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It cannot be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. I implore you not to add your death to the bitterness of mine."

"Do I ask you, my dear Darnay, to pass the door? When I ask that, refuse. There are pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your hand steady enough to write?"

"It was when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up, at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"'If you remember,'" said Carton, dictating, "'the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember then, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them.'"

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner chancing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No: I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

"You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again: "'I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so is no subject for regret or grief.'" As he said these words with his eyes fixed on the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked about him vacantly.

"What vapor is that?" he asked.

"Vapor?"

"Something that crossed me?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper, once more.

"'If it had been otherwise;'" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down; "'I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;'" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "'I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—'" Carton looked at the pen, and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up, with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his nostrils, and Carton's left arm caught him round the waist. For a few seconds he faintly struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him; but, within a minute or so, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up, as he kneeled on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in his breast; "is your hazard very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the spy answered with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress, I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now, get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the spy nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here, often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this, that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the courtyard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The spy returned immediately with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the spy in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children," said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying: "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter-day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet spare face, in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer: "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor, little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor, weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that his heart was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that

now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance.

As she descends from her elevation the tumbrils began to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirls up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart, nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes; better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind, strong face, which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What, then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think," the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble, "that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; there is no time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count twenty-two. They said of him about the city that night that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

## THE GIRL WITH THIRTY-NINE LOVERS.

A VESSEL was voyaging over the sea,
And two score of passengers on board had she.
Thirty and nine of the masculine sort,
And a charming young lady the captain had brought.
The thirty and nine were all shot through by Cupid,
But the charming young lady thought them all rather stupid.

She saw them alone, and she saw them together,
How they looked in a calm, and after bad weather.
There were tall ones and short ones,
Fat, lean, rich, and shady,
But all were alike deep in love with the lady.

She could not love them all, so what was to be done?
She consulted the captain, who suggested some fun:
"To-morrow," said he, "if the day should be calm,
Just jump in the sea (it shall do you no harm),
And the first one that follows to rescue your life
Will have the first claim to make you his wife."

The next day was calm, and over she fell,
And thirty-eight passengers followed as well.
One stayed where he was, for he could not swim;
He knew he'd be drowned, which was "gone goose" for him.

The lady was rescued, and the passengers, too,
And they stood in a row, as for a review.
Uninviting before, they now looked like drowned rats,
From the soles of their feet to the crowns of their hats.

She consulted the captain, whose look was a sly one:
"If I were you, miss, I'd favor the dry one."
(Which she did.)

# THE STAGE ADVENTURESS.

JEROME K. JEROME.

SHE sits on a table and smokes a cigarette. A cigarette on the stage is always the badge of infamy. In real life the cigarette is usually the hall-mark of the particularly mild and harmless individual. It is the dissipation of the Y. M. C. A.; the innocent joy of the pure-hearted boy, long ere the demoralizing influence of our vaunted civilization has dragged him down into the depths of the short clay. But behind the cigarette on the stage lurks ever black-hearted villainy and abandoned womanhood.

The adventuress is generally of foreign extraction. They do not make bad women in England; the article is entirely of continental manufacture, and has to be imported. She speaks English with a charming little French accent, and she makes up for this by speaking French with a good, sound English one.

She seems a smart business woman, and she would probably get on very well if it were not for her friends and relations. Friends and relations are a trying class of people, even in real life, as we all know, but the friends and relations of the stage adventuress are a particularly irritating lot. They never leave her, never does she get a day or an hour off from them. Wherever she goes, there the whole tribe goes with her. They all go with her in a body when she calls on her young man, and it is as much as she can do to persuade them to go into the next room, even for five minutes, and give her a chance. When she is married they come and live with her. They know her dreadful secret, and it keeps them in comfort for years. Knowing somebody's secret seems, on the stage, to be one of the most profitable and least exhausting professions going.

She is fond of married life, is the adventuress, and she goes in for it pretty extensively. She has husbands all over the globe, most of them in prison, but they escape and turn up in the last

act, and spoil all the poor girl's plans. That is so like husbands—no consideration, no thought for their poor wives.

The adventuress dresses magnificently. Where she gets the money from we never could understand, for she and her companions are always more or less complaining of being "stone broke." Dressmakers must be a trusting people where she comes from.

The adventuress is like the proverbial cat as regards the number of lives she is possessed of. You never know when she is *really* dead. Most people like to die once and have done with it; but the adventuress, after once or twice trying it, seems to get quite to like it, and goes on giving way to it, and then it grows upon her until she can't help herself, and it becomes a sort of craving with her.

It is repentance that kills off the bad people in plays. They always repent, and the moment they repent they die. Repentance, on the stage, seems to be one of the most dangerous things a man can be taken with. Our advice to stage wicked people would undoubtedly be, "Never repent. If you value your life, don't repent. It always means sudden death!"

To return to our adventuress, she is by no means a bad woman. There is much good in her. This is more than proved by the fact that she learns to love the hero before she dies; for no one but a really good woman, capable of extraordinary patience and gentleness, could ever grow to feel any other sentiment for that irritating ass than a desire to throw bricks at him.

The stage adventuress would be a much better woman, too, if it were not for the heroine. The adventuress makes the most complete arrangements for being noble and self-sacrificing—that is, for going away and never coming back—and is just about to carry them out, when the heroine, who has a perfect genius for being in the wrong place at the right time, comes in and spoils it all. No stage adventuress can be good while the heroine is about. The sight of the heroine rouses every bad feeling in her breast. We can sympathize with her in this respect. The heroine often affects ourselves in precisely the same way.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the adventuress. True, she possesses rather too much sarcasm and repartee to make things quite agreeable round the domestic hearth, and when she has got all her clothes on there is not much room left in the place for anybody else; but, taken on the whole, she is decidedly attractive. She has grit and go in her. She is alive. She can do something to help herself besides calling for "George."

She has not got a stage child. If she ever had one, she has left it on somebody else's doorstep, which, presuming there was no water handy to drown it in, seems to be about the most sensible thing she could have done with it. She is not oppressively good. She never wants to be "unhanded," or "let to pass." She is not always being shocked or insulted by people telling her that they love her; she does not seem to mind it if they do. She is not always fainting, and crying, and sobbing, and wailing, and moaning, like the good people in the play are.

Oh, they do have an unhappy time of it—the good people in plays! Then she is the only person in the piece who can sit on the comic man. We sometimes think it would be a fortunate thing—for him—if they allowed her to marry and settle down quietly with the hero. She *might* make a man of him, in time.

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## THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

THOSE slumbering lids unclose, where pure dreams hover so light!
A spectre am I—the rose that you wore at the ball last night.
You took me, watered so late my leaves yet glistened with dew,
And amid the starry fête you bore me the evening through.

O lady, for whom I died, you cannot drive me away!
My spectre at your bedside shall dance till the dawning of day.

Yet fear not, nor make lament, nor breathe sad psalms for my rest!
For my soul is this tender scent, and I come from the bowers of
the blest.

How many for deaths so divine would have given their lives away!
Was never such fate as mine—for in death on your neck I lay!
To my alabaster bier a poet came with a kiss:
And he wrote, "A rose lies here, but kings might envy its bliss."

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# JOAN OF ARC.

MICHELET.

[Through the alliance and support of Philip of Burgundy, the English had extended their conquest over the whole of France north of the Loire as well as Guienne; and, while the infant Henry VI., of England, had, in 1422, been proclaimed king of France at his father's grave, at St. Denis, Charles the Dauphin, devoted only to present pleasure and ease, was almost passively contemplating the slow dismemberment of his kingdom by internal confusion and misery, and by the progressive encroachments of the English rule. The fact that the hard straits to which the kingdom was reduced were greatly due to the conduct of Isabella, the Dauphin's mother, who disinherited her son in favor of Henry V., of England, the husband of her daughter Katherine, supplied an opportunity for the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy of Merlin, that the calamities which should fall upon France through the depravity of a woman should be removed by the instrumentality of a chaste virgin.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*]

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THE originality of the Pucelle, the secret of her success, was not her courage or her visions, but her good sense. Amidst all her enthusiasm, the girl of the people clearly saw the question, and knew how to resolve it. The knot which politician and doubter could not unloose, she cut. She pronounced, in God's name, Charles VII. to be the heir, and by her quickness gained over the English the decisive advantage of the coronation.

Her charity and piety were known to all. All saw that she was the best girl in the village. What they did not see and know was, that, in her, celestial ever absorbed worldly feelings. Born under

the very walls of the church, lulled in her cradle by the chimes of the bells and nourished by legends, she was herself a legend, a quickly passing and pure legend from birth to death. Lowly in truth, but already poetic, her village was close to the vast forest of the Vosges. From the door of her father's house she could see the old oak wood, the wood haunted by fairies, whose favorite spot was a fountain near a large beech, called the fairies' tree.

Amidst these legends and popular dreams Joan was born. But, along with these, the land presented a poetry of a far different character, savage, fierce, and—alas! but too real—the poetry of war. War! All passions and emotions are included in this single word. It is not that every day brings with it assault and plunder, but it brings the fear of them—the tocsin, the awaking with a start, and in the distant horizon the lurid light of conflagration. A fearful but poetic state of things.

The English had persuaded the Duke of Burgundy to aid them. The weaker he saw them to be, the stronger rose his hope of retaining the places which he might take in Picardy. He bribed the governor of Soissons to surrender that city, and then laid siege to Compiègne. The citizens, however, had compromised themselves too much in the cause of Charles VII. to allow of their town's being betrayed. The Pucelle threw herself into it. On the very same day she headed a sortie, and had nearly surprised the besiegers; but they quickly recovered, and vigorously drove their assailants back as far as the city bridge. The Pucelle, who had remained in the rear to cover the retreat, was too late to enter the gates. She was conspicuous by her dress, and was soon surrounded, seized, and dragged from her horse. Her captor, a Picard archer, sold her to John of Luxembourgh. All, English and Burgundians, saw with astonishment that this object of terror, this monster, this devil, was, after all, only a girl of eighteen. That it would end so, she knew beforehand; her cruel fate was inevitable, and—we must say the word—necessary. It was necessary that she should suffer. If she had not gone through her last trial and purification, doubtful shadows would have interposed amidst the rays of glory

which rest on that holy figure. She would not have lived in men's minds the Maid of Orleans.

She was made prisoner the 23d of May. By the 26th, a message is despatched from Rouen, in the name of the vicar of the Inquisition, summoning John to deliver up this woman, suspected of sorcery. She was taken to the donjon of Crotoy, and from this place of confinement she looked out upon the sea, and could descry the English downs. Though confined in prison, she displayed her power all the same; as long as she lived her prayers broke through the walls, and scattered the enemy. The rage of the English no longer knew any bounds. As long as this accursed girl lived, there was no safety for the English; perish she must. After her trial they hastily drew up a summons; she was not to appear, save to be burnt. Cauchon sent her a confessor in the morning, to prepare her for death, and persuade her to repentance; and when he apprised her of the death she was to die that day, she began to cry out grievously, to give way, and tear her hair.

"Alas! am I to be treated so horribly and cruelly! Must my body be this day consumed and reduced to ashes! Ha! ha! I would rather be beheaded seven times over than be burnt in this wise. Oh! I make my appeal to God, the great Judge of the wrongs and grievances done me!"

After this burst of grief she recovered herself and confessed. She then asked to communicate. The brother was embarrassed, but consulting the bishop the latter told him to administer the sacrament, "and whatever else she might ask." Thus, at the very moment he condemned her as a relapsed heretic, and cut her off from the church, he gave her all that the church gives to her faithful.

It was nine o'clock. She was dressed in female attire, and placed on a cart. On one side of her was Brother Martin l'Avenn; the constable, Massieu, was on the other. What must have been her thoughts, when she saw that she must die!—when, carried in a cart, she passed through a trembling crowd, under the guard of eight hundred Englishmen armed with sword and lance! She wept

and bemoaned herself, yet reproached neither her king nor her saints. She was only heard to utter: "O Rouen, Rouen! must I, then, die here?"

The term of her sad journey was the old market-place, the fish-market. Three scaffolds had been raised; on one was the episcopal and royal chair, the throne of the cardinal of England, surrounded by the stalls of the prelates; on another were to figure the principal personages of the mournful drama, the preacher, the judges, and the bailli, and, lastly, the condemned one; apart, was a large scaffolding of plaster, groaning under a weight of wood, which struck terror by its height alone.

Joan was seized at the foot of the tribunal by the men-at-arms, who dragged her to the executioner with the words, "Do thy office." She was made fast under the infamous placard, mitred with a mitre, which read, "Heretic, relapser, apostate, idolater," and then the executioner set fire to the pile. She saw this from above and uttered a cry. Then, as the brother who was exhorting her paid no attention to the fire, forgetting herself in her fear for him, she insisted on his descending. All that Cauchon obtained from her were a few words, enough to rack his soul: "Bishop; I die through you. . . . If you had put me into the church prisons, this would not have happened." No doubt hopes had been entertained that, on finding herself abandoned by her king, she would at last accuse and defame him. To the last, she defended him: "Whether I have done well or ill, my king is faultless; it was not he who counselled me."

Meanwhile, the flames rose. When they first seized her, the unhappy girl shrieked for holy water; this must have been the cry of fear. But, soon recovering, she called only on God, and her angels and her saints. She bore witness to them: "Yes, my voices were from God, my voices have not deceived me." They heard her several times, in the midst of the flames, call on her Saviour. At the last, as her head sank on her bosom, she shrieked: "Jesus!"

One of the English king's secretaries said aloud, on returning from the dismal scene: "We are lost; we have burned a saint."

Though these words fell from an enemy's mouth, they are not the less important, and will live uncontradicted by the future. Yes, whether considered religiously or patriotically, Jeanne d'Arc was a saint. She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs, but with a difference. The first Christians remained gentle and pure only by shunning action, by sparing themselves the struggles and the trials of the world. Joan was gentle in the roughest struggle, good amongst the bad, pacific in war itself; she bore into war (that triumph of the devil's) the spirit of God.

Such is the poetry of this grand fact, such its philosophy, its lofty truth. But the historic reality is not less certain. It was but too positive and too cruelly verified. This living enigma, this mysterious creature, whom all concluded to be supernatural; this angel or demon who, according to some, was to fly away some morning, was found to be a woman, a young girl; was found to be without wings, and, linked as we ourselves are to a mortal body, was to suffer, to die—and how frightful a death!

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## THE KING'S WOOING.

EDWARD RENAUD.

UPON his royal throne reclined the King,
Musing upon his greatness; while the ring
Of glittering courtiers, clad in silken sheen,
Clustered around him with obsequious mien.
Still through his half-closed eyes the monarch gazed
Down the great arches that with gilding blazed,
Pondering upon his riches and his might,
And how he was belovèd in God's sight,
Who gave him all this kingship and command,
Making him ruler of this lovely land.
He said, within his heart: "It were most meet
That I should share my greatness and my seat

With the fair daughter of some potentate,
That so my palace be not desolate
When I go hence; and mine own son shall sit
Upon my throne, to show, with subtle wit,
All the grave deeds his sire before him did,
Ere the dark grave his power and glory hid."

But one by one he thought them o'er and o'er,
Each princess he had known in days of yore,
And each who sought his court from day to day;
Yet at each name the monarch murmured "Nay."
No dame he found, before whose regal feet
He might cast down his purple,—none were meet.

Now, in his palace dwelt a little maid,
Pure as a lily; in her truth arrayed
As in a royal robe of righteousness;
And day by day it was her happiness
To do her service loyally and well.
In her sweet soul no evil thought might dwell.
Fair was she as the fairest; her bright hair
Swept in great waves adown her shoulders fair;
Calm through the courts she went from day by day,
Peaceful and glad on her accustomed way;
A modest violet, by soft airs caressed,
Holding a sparkling dew-drop in its breast.

"Hold!" mused the King; "here, in my palace proud,
Dwells what I long for. Is it not allowed
That a great monarch, powerful and strong,
Who, serving God, fears neither ruth nor wrong,
Should raise the lowly from their humble place,
And set them among princes, face to face
With the great glory of the dazzling sun?
Yea, it is well, and so it shall be done.
And now it mindeth me that I have seen
This little maid, with her most modest mien,

Beneath her drooping lashes passing by,
Look in my face and breathe a tender sigh.
In sooth, she loves me, and what wonder she,
So lowly born, should worship one like me?"

Then summoned he his council in high state,
And told them of this matter—how kind fate
Had set the fairest floweret of the land
Where he might cull it with his royal hand.
Up rose a white-haired man, his chamberlain,
And said: "O King! thy thought is very vain.
Nay, wouldst thou put affront upon us all,
Whose service has been leal in field or hall,
By taking, one, base-born, thy serf, to be
Our royal queen, to whom we bend the knee?"
Then spake the monarch, with imperious tone:
"Nay, now I swear it, by my royal throne!
Peace, vain old man! How darest thou say this thing,
And doubt the wisdom of thy lord the King?"

So, on the morrow morn, the chamberlain,
Clad in his scarlet robe and golden chain,
Went to the little maid and told her all—
How this great glory on her life should fall—
Bidding her three days thence, in pomp arrayed,
Await the proud King's coming, unafraid.
No answer made she for a moment's space,
While the rich color faded from her face
As ebbs the purple tide in evening air
From the vexed strand, and leaves it white and fair;
Then, with a troubled look of wonderment,
She said: "My lord, we servants are content,
If the good King will let us earn our bread;
Nay, the rich crown upon my humble head
Would crush me to the earth with weight of bliss,
Who am too low his royal hand to kiss."

So answered she, with neither yea nor nay,
And then, with downcast eyes, she went her way.
"Ah!" said the King, "great joy hath made her dumb.
She stands aghast! But, when the day shall come,
She will appear in glittering garments dressed,
And hide her sweet face, sobbing, on my breast—
As my soul lives, she loves me!"

That same night
When the deep darkness put the day to flight,
Beneath his silken coverlet, the King
Lay wakeful, pondering on this strange new thing;
And straightway leaped to life within his heart
A fierce new passion, which had had no part
In all his life. He loved with all the strength
Of a strong man, who, waking, finds at length
A mighty passion, which so masters him,
That all his days seem aimless, waste, and dim.
"O God!" he prayed, "Thou knowest I have been
Thy servant alway. Are the ways unseen
That I have walked? Hast Thou not known and weighed
My greatness and my glory, all arrayed
In Thine own cause? Now, therefore, give me grace,
That I, unseen, may gaze upon her face;
And, while night's shadows round my palace roll,
I, looking through her breast, may read her soul,
And, seeing the love with which she loves me, feel
The bliss whose foretaste makes my senses reel."

Ere yet his prayer had died upon the night,
An awful angel, clad in dazzling white,
Stood by his bed. One moment looking down
Beneath the canopy that held the crown,
His wondrous eyes, so beautiful and sad,
Shone on the King, who lay there proud and glad.

"Vain man!" the angel said, with solemn tone,
"Lo, He who sits upon the eternal throne
Has heard thy prayer, and answered; look and see!
Then ponder well on poor humanity.
Abjure thy pride, and do no worser sin,
That so the Lord of Hosts may let thee in
When all are judged!"
He vanished while he spake.

A little space the monarch lay awake,
Until, far off, through dim, mysterious haze,
A modest chamber opened to his gaze.
Upon her little pallet lay the maid,
While through the lattice one bright moonbeam strayed,
Lighting the lustrous masses of her hair,
And her pale face, so wonderfully fair.
But lo! she wept and made her piteous moan.
"Dear Lord!" she cried, "why am I left alone
In this glad world, to bear such weight of grief?
Nay, pity me, and send some swift relief,
Or I shall die of this most bitter pain,
Which set such mad thoughts beating in my brain.
Why hath my face been fashioned fair and sweet,
Who am too lowly for a lofty seat?
Nay, now my lord the King, hath looked on me,
Most pitiful and sad my lot shall be,
Who love him not, but rather stand in fear,
Lest to his glory I should come too near."
So did she murmur, sobbing, till her breast
Seemed bursting with her sorrow, while she pressed
Her hands upon her temples, and arose
From her white bed. And, 'neath a carven image
On the wall, knelt down and prayed,
"No harm shall thee befall, beloved Fortunio,
Whom I love so dear, thy safety is my greatest fear."

Then gat she to her bed and laid her down,
The saddest maid within that royal town.
When down the east the stars began to creep
Weary with grief she sobbed herself to sleep;
And all within the chamber was at rest
Save the quick heaving of her little breast.

With morning rose the monarch, pale and sad,
While all the outer world seemed bright and glad.
In his proud palace all things, grand and great,
Seemed a stern mockery of his fallen state;
And meekly kneeling in his chapel-shrine,
He prayed to God, and said: "All these are Thine!
I am Thy servant—meaner than all they
Who on my bounty feed from day to day;
Do with me as Thou wilt; but give me grace
Through years of penitence to seek Thy face!"

Before his throne he called the youthful pair,
And gave them lands and lordships broad and fair,
With a great palace 'neath the mountain's crown,
Just one day's journey from the royal town;
Sending them forth in honor to abide
In the rich home they graced and glorified.
Long years rolled by, and still the monarch reigned
With righteous rule; and any that complained
Of wrong were righted, until all men saw
The solemn majesty of truth and law.
In the great courtyard by the palace-stair,
A stately column reared he high in air
Of fluted marble, on whose solid base
He left this legend for his royal race,
Carven in letters of the purest gold:
"*All flesh is grass, and kings are common mould!*"

# THE CAVALIER'S CHOICE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

IT was a gallant cavalier of honor and renown,
And all to seek a lady-love he rode from town to town.
Till at a widow woman's door he drew the rein so free;
For at her side the knight espied her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them, for they were fair and tall;
Ye never have seen fairer maids in bower, nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart beat quicker in his breast:
'Twas hard to choose and hard to lose—how might he wale the best?

"Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine, who'll rede me riddles three?
And she who answers best of all shall be mine own ladye!"
I ween they blushed as maidens do, when such rare words they hear.
"Now speak thy riddles, if thou wilt, thou gay young cavalier!"

"What's longer than the longest path? first tell ye that to me;
And tell me what is deeper yet than is the deepest sea?
And tell me what is louder far than is the loudest horn?
And tell me what hath sharper point than e'en the sharpest thorn?

"And tell me what is greener yet than greenest grass in hill?
And tell me what is crueller than a wicked woman's will?"
The eldest and the second maid, they mused and thought awhile,
But the youngest she looked upward, and spoke with merry smile:

"Oh, love is surely longer far than the longest path that be;
And hell, they say, is deeper yet than is the deepest sea;
The roll of thunder is more loud than is the loudest horn;
And hunger it is worse to bear than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet than is the grass on hill;
And the foul fiend he is crueller than any woman's will!"
He leapt so lightly from his steed, he took her by the hand:
'Sweet maid, my riddles thou has read, be ladye of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid, they pondered and were dumb,
And there, perchance, are waiting yet till another wooer come.
Then, maidens, take this warning word: be neither slow nor shy,
But always, when a lover speaks, look kindly, and reply.

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# ZAÏRE.

VOLTAIRE.

[Zaïre, a Christian princess, held as hostage in Jerusalem, has won the love and respect of the Sultan Osman, whom she loves devotedly and is soon to wed. She has thus ceased to expect the arrival of the Christian knight, Neristan, who, a few years previous to the opening of the play, had gone home to France to return with all his wealth, to be given with his own liberty to purchase the freedom of Zaïre, Selina (her attendant), and ten Christian knights. The fulfilment of this vow so touches the generous nature of the Sultan that he refuses the riches, and tells Neristan that he is free and that he may have not ten, but one hundred Christian captives. He, however, forbids him to mention Zaïre ("a pearl above purchase"), or to ask for old Lusignan, a famous Christian chieftain, who had been most bitter against the Saracens. But Zaïre succeeds in persuading him to release the aged prisoner, and goes herself to bear the joyful tidings to Neristan.]

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Act II. SCENE 1.—An apartment in the seraglio. NERISTAN and ZAÏRE: LUSIGNAN is led in by two guards, followed by his friend CHATILLON.

LUSIGNAN.—Where am I? From what dungeon's depth, what voice
Has called me to revisit long-lost day?
Am I with Christians? I am weak—forgive me,
And guide my trembling steps. I am full of years;
My miseries have worn me more than age. [*Seating himself.*]
Am I in truth at liberty?

CHATILLON. You are;
And every Christian's grief takes end with yours.

LUS. O light! O dearer far than light, that voice!
Chatillon, is it you, my fellow-martyr?
And shall our wretchedness indeed have end?

In what place are we now? My feeble eyes,
Disused to daylight, long in vain to find you.
CHAT. This was the palace of your royal fathers.
'Tis now the son of Noradin's seraglio.
ZAÏRE. The master of the place—the mighty Osman,
Distinguishes and loves to cherish virtue.
This generous Frenchman, yet a stranger to you,
Drawn from his native soil, from peace and rest,
Brought the vowed ransoms of ten Christian slaves,
Himself contented to remain a captive.
But Osman, charmed by greatness like his own,
To equal what he loved, has given him you.
LUS. So generous France inspires her social sons.
They have been ever dear and useful to me;
Would I were nearer to him, noble sir. [NERISTAN *approaches.*]
How have I merited, that you for me
Should pass such distant seas, to bring me blessings,
And hazard your own safety for my sake?
NERISTAN. My name sir, is Neristan. Born in Syria,
I wore the chains of slavery from my birth;
Till, quitting the proud crescent for the court
Where warlike Lewis reigns, beneath his eye
I learnt the trade of arms.
Your sight, unhappy prince, would charm his eye.
That best and greatest monarch will behold
With grief and joy these venerable wounds,
And print embraces where your fetters bound you.
All Paris will révere the cross's martyr.
LUS. Alas! In times long past I've seen its glory;
When Philip the victorious lived, I fought
Abreast with Montmorency and Melien,
D'Estaing, De Neile, and the far famous Courcy—
Names which were then the praise and dread of war.
But what have I to do at Paris now?
I stand upon the brink of the cold grave;

That way my journey lies—to find, I hope,
The King of Kings, and ask the recompense
For all my woes, long suffered for His sake.
You generous witnesses of my last hour,
While I yet live, assist my humble prayers,
And join the resignation of my soul.
Neristan! Chatillon! and you fair mourner!
Whose tears do honor to an old man's sorrows!
Pity a father, the unhappiest sure
That ever felt the hand of angry heaven!
My eyes, though dying, still can furnish tears;
Half my long life they flowed and still will flow!
A daughter and three sons, my heart's proud hopes,
Were all torn from me in their tenderest years—
My friend Chatillon knows and can remember.

CHAT. Would I were able to forget your woe.

LUS. Thou wert a pris'ner with me in Cæsarea,
And there beheld'st my wife and two dear sons
Perish in the flames.

CHAT. A captive and in fetters,
I could not help them.

LUS. I know thou could'st not.
O, 'twas a dreadful scene! These eyes beheld it—
Husband and father, helpless, I beheld it,
Denied the mournful privilege to die!
O my poor children! whom I now deplore,
If ye are saints in heaven, as sure ye are,
Look with an eye of pity on that brother,
That sister whom you left—if I have yet
Or son or daughter! For in early chains,
Far from their lost and unassisting father,
I heard that they were sent, with numbers more,
To this seraglio; hence to be dispersed
In nameless remnants o'er the East, and spread
Our Christian miseries round a faithless world.

CHAT. 'Twas true; for, in the horrors of that day,
I snatched your infant daughter from her cradle,
When, from my bleeding arms, fierce Saracens
Forced the lost innocent, who smiling lay,
And pointed, playful, at the swarthy spoilers!
With her your youngest, then your only son,
Whose little life had reached the fourth sad year,
And just given sense to feel his own misfortunes,
Was ordered to this city.
NER. I, too, hither,
Just at that fatal age, from lost Cæsarea
Came in that cloud of undistinguished Christians.
LUS. You!—came you thence? Alas! who knows but you
Might therefore have seen my two poor children. [*Looking up.*]
Ha, madam! That small ornament you wear,
Its form a stranger to this country's fashion,
How long has it been yours?
ZAÏRE. From my first birth, sir.
Ah, what! you seem surprised?
Why should this move you?
LUS. Would you confide it to my trembling hands?
ZAÏRE. To what new wonders am I now reserved?
Oh, sir! what mean you?
LUS. Providence and heaven!
O failing eyes, deceive ye not my hope!
Can this be possible? Yes, yes—'tis she!
This little cross—I know it by sure marks!
Oh, take me, heaven! while I can die with joy!
ZAÏRE. Oh, do not, sir, distract me! Rising thoughts,
And hopes and fears o'erwhelm me.
LUS. Tell me yet; has it remained forever in your hands?
What! both brought captives from Cæsarea hither?
ZAÏRE. Both, both!
LUS. Their voice! Their looks!
The living images of their dear mother!

O God! who seest my tears and know'st my thoughts,
Do not forsake me at this dawn of hope!
Strengthen my heart, too feeble for this joy.
Madam! Neristan! Help me, Chatillon! [*Rising.*]
Neristan, hast thou on thy breast a scar,
Which, ere Cæsarea fell, from a fierce hand,
Surprising us by night my child received?
NER. Blessed hand! I bear it, sir, the mark is there!
LUS. Merciful heaven!
ZAÏRE. My father! Oh!
LUS. O my children!
My son! my daughter!
Lost in embracing you,
I would now die, lest this should prove a dream.
Again I find you—dear in wretchedness.
O my brave son and thou, my nameless daughter,
Now dissipate all doubt, remove all dread:
Has heaven, that gives me back my children, given them
Such as I lost them? Come they Christians to me?
One weeps—and one declines a conscious eye!
Your silence speaks; too well I understand it!
ZAÏRE. I cannot, sir, deceive you. Osman's laws
Were mine—and Osman is not Christian.
LUS. Her words are thunder bursting on my head;
Wer't not for thee, my son, I should die.
Full sixty years I fought the Christians' cause,
Saw their doomed temples fall, their power destroyed;
Twenty, a captive, in a dungeon's depth,
Yet never for myself my tears sought heaven;
All for my children rose my fruitless prayers.
Yet what avails a father's wretched joy?
I have a daughter gained, and heaven an enemy.
O my misguided daughter! lose not thy faith.
Reclaim thy birthright. Think upon the blood
Of twenty Christian kings that fills thy veins:

What would thy mother feel to see thee thus!
She and thy murdered brothers! Think! they call thee!
Think that thou seest them stretch their bloody arms,
And weep to win thee from their murd'rer's bosom.
Ev'n in the place where thou betray'st thy God,
He died, my child, to save thee. Turn thy eyes
And see; for thou art near His sacred sepulchre.
Thou canst not move a step, but where He trod!
Thou tremblest. Oh! admit me to thy soul!
Kill not thy aged, thy afflicted father!
Take not, thus soon, again, the life thou gav'st him!
Shame not thy mother, nor renounce thy God!
'Tis past! Repentance dawns in thy sweet eyes.
I see bright truth descending to thy heart,
And now, my long-lost child is found forever.

ZAÏRE. O my father!
Dear author of my life, inform me, teach me,
What should my duty do?

LUS. By one short word:
To dry up all my tears, and make life welcome,
Say thou art a Christian!

ZAÏRE. Sir, I am a Christian.

LUS. Receive her, gracious heaven, and bless her for it!

[*Enter* ORASMIN, a Saracen.]

ORASMIN. Madam, the Sultan ordered me to tell you
That he expects you instant quit this place,
And bid your last farewell to these vile Christians.
You, captive Frenchmen, follow me; for you
It is my task to answer.

CHAT. Still new miseries!
How cautious man should be, to say, I'm happy!

LUS. These are the times, my friends, to try our firmness,
Our Christian firmness.

ZAÏRE. Alas, sir! Oh!

LUS. Oh, you! I dare not name you;

Farewell—but come what may, be sure, remember
You keep the fatal secret! for the rest,
Leave all to heaven—be faithful, and be blest!

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## ONLY A SOLDIER.

UNARMED and unattended walks the Czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day.
The crowd uncover as his face they see—
"God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral—
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe;
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare.
And he who drew it bent before his load
With dull and sullen air.

The Emperor stopped and beckoned to the man:
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply;
"Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar;
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
Move on, I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap,
The Czar of all the Russians, pacing slow,
Following the coffin, as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers on the street, all wondering,
  Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
Peasant and prince, the artisan and clerk,
  All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
  Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
  Honored the poor and brave.

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## THE STAFF AND SCRIP.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

"WHO rules these lands?" the pilgrim said.
  "Stranger, Queen Blanchelys."
"And who has thus harried them?" he said.
  "It was the Duke Luke did this:
    God's ban be his!"

The Pilgrim said: "Where is your house?
  I'll rest there, with your will."
"You've but to climb these blackened boughs
  And you'll see it over the hill,
    For it burns still."

"Which road to seek your Queen?" said he.
  "Nay, nay, but with some wound
You'll fly back hither, it may be,
  And by your blood i' the ground
    My place be found."

"Friend, stay in peace. God keep your head
  And mine where I will go;
For He is here and there," he said.
  He passed the hillside, slow,
    And stood below.

The Queen sat idle by her loom;
  She heard the arras stir,
And looked up sadly; through the room
  The sweetness sickened her
    Of musk and myrrh.

Her women, standing two and two,
  In silence combed the fleece.
The Pilgrim said: "Peace be with you,
  Lady," and bent his knees.
    She answered: "Peace."

Her eyes were like the wave within;
  Like water-reeds the poise
Of her soft body, dainty thin;
  And like the water's noise
    Her plaintive voice.

For him the stream had never welled
  In desert tracts malign
So sweet; nor had he ever felt
  So faint in the sunshine
    Of Palestine.

Right so, he knew that he saw weep
  Each night through every dream
The Queen's own face, confused in sleep
  With visages supreme,
    Not known to him.

"Lady," he said, "your lands lie burnt
  And waste; to meet your foe
All fear: this I have seen and learnt.
  Say that it shall be so,
    And I will go."

She gazed at him. "Your cause is just,
For I have heard the same."
He said: "God's strength shall be my trust;
Fall it to good or grame,
'Tis in His name."

"Sir, you are thanked. My cause is dead.
Why should you toil to break
A grave, and fall therein?" she said.
He did not pause but spake:
"For my vow's sake."

"Can such vows be, sir—to God's ear,
Not to God's will?" "My vow
Remains; God heard me there as here,"
He said, with reverent brow,
"Both then and now."

They gazed together, he and she,
The minute while he spoke;
And when he ceased, she suddenly
Looked round upon her folk
As though she woke.

"Fight, sir," she said; "my prayers in pain
Shall be your fellowship."
He whispered one among her train:
"To-morrow bid her keep
This staff and scrip."

Next day till dark the women prayed;
Nor any might know there
How the fight went. The Queen has bade
That there do come to her
No messenger.

The Queen is pale; her maidens ail;
  And to the organ-tones
They sing but faintly, who sang well
  The matin-orisons,
    The lauds and nones.

"Oh, what is the light that shines so red?
  'Tis long since the sun has set,"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
  "'Twas dim but now, and yet
    The light is great."

Quoth the other: "'Tis our sight is dazed
  That we see flame i' the air."
But the Queen held her brows and gazed,
  And said: "It is the glare
    Of torches there."

"Oh, what are the sounds that rise and spread?
  All day it was so still,"
Quoth the youngest to the eldest maid;
  "Unto the furthest hill
    The air they fill."

Quoth the other: "'Tis our sense is blurred
  With all the chants gone by."
But the Queen held her breath and heard,
  And said: "It is the cry
    Of victory."

The first of all the rout was sound,
  The next were dust and flame,
And then the horses shook the ground;
  And in the thick of them
    A still band came.

"Oh, what do ye bring out of the fight,
  Thus hid beneath these boughs?"
"Thy conquering guest returns to-night,
  And yet shall not carouse,
    Queen, in thy house."

"Uncover ye his face," she said.
  "A changed in little space!"
She cried: "O pale that was so red!
  O God, O God of grace!
    Cover his face."

Then stepped a damsel to her side,
  And spoke, and needs must weep:
"For his sake, lady, if he died,
  He prayed of thee to keep
    This staff and scrip."

That night they hung above her bed
  Till morning, wet with tears.
Year after year above her head
  Her bed his token wears,
    Five years, ten years.

That night the passion of her grief
  Shook them as there they hung.
Each year the wind that shed the leaf
  Shook them, and in its tongue
    A message flung.

They shook far off with palace sport
  When joust and dance were rife;
And the hunt shook them from the court;
  For hers, in peace or strife,
    Was a Queen's life.

A Queen's death, as now they shake
  To gusts in chapel dim,—
Hung where she sleeps, not seen to wake,
  (Carved lovely, white and slim),
    With them by him.

Stand up to-day, still armed, with her,
  Good knight, before His brow,
Who then as now was here and there,
  Who had in mind thy vow
    Then even as now.

The lists are set in heaven to-day,
  The bright pavilions shine;
Fair hangs thy shield, and none gainsay;
  The trumpets sound in sign
    That she is thine.

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# THE FESTIVAL OF THE SUPREME BEING.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF TOURGENIEFF.

ONCE upon a time the Supreme Being gave a large festival in his azure palace.

All the Virtues were invited. However, only the feminine—no men, only women.

A large number were present—great and small. The small Virtues were more agreeable and amiable than the great ones; but all appeared much satisfied, and entertained each other in the most friendly manner, as is meet for near relatives and acquaintances.

But then the Supreme Being noticed two beautiful ladies, who did not seem to know each other. The host took one of these ladies by the hand and led her to the other.

"Charity!" he said, pointing to the first. "Gratitude!" added he, indicating the second.

Both Virtues were in the highest degree astonished; since the creation of the world—and that was long ago—they met for the first time.

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## FRA LUIGI'S MARRIAGE.

H. H.

A SAD, strange tale it is, and long to tell.
Would't weary you to hear it, sir? It fell
To me alone to witness how he wed,
Young Fra Luigi. Years he has been dead,
Yet it doth seem but little while ago.
I loved him. That is how I came to know
What no one knew but me.

'Twas on a day
When all roads out of Rome were bright and gay
With daisies and anemones; the spring
Thrilled every little lark and thrush to sing;
So full the sunlit air of bloom and song,
An hour seemed but a magic moment long.
You know the grand Basilica they call
Paola Santo, past the city wall?
'Twas there.

The tale is strange, almost, I fear,
Lest it seem false unto your foreign ear.
But you may trust it, sir. I loved him so
I knew what she who bore him did not know.
The day—this spring day, full of song and bloom—
I hear those larks yet singing in the broom—
Had been for months appointed as the day
When he—his friend Andrea, too—should lay
His worldly garments at the altar down
And take the Benedictine cowl and gown.
Perhaps you've seen that service, sir?

Nay? Then
You'd like to hear how they make monks of men.
I've not forgotten it. I loved him so
Each thi g that happened on that day I know
As it were yesterday.

"A monk? You said,
Your tale was how the Fra Luigi wed."
Aye, so it is.

"Did take the church as bride?
That is no secret marvelous to hide
Behind thy phrase."

Nay, no such empty phrase
Above my tale its idle shelter lays.
The Fra Luigi's bride had face more fair
Than any blossom in that spring-time air.
I stood that day the nearest to her side,
And well the face of Fra Luigi's bride
I knew, for I had served her house when she
First gladdened it by her sweet infancy.
Stern sat the Abbot in his snow-white chair,
Between the violet marble pillars fair.
The columns of red porphyry shone and gleamed
Beneath the yellow quivering rays that streamed
From myriad tapers making light so fast
The gorgeous Baldacchino scarce did cast
A shadow on the altar underneath,
Or on the faces cold and still as death
Of all the Benedictine brothers placed
In solemn circles which the altar faced.
The priests' robes blazed with scarlet and with gold;
The swinging censers flashed with gems untold;
And music wildly sorrowful and slow
All down the shadowed aisles went echoing low.

As men who walked with heaven full in sight,
Their faces lit by supernatural light,
Luigi and Andrea came and knelt.
The silence like a darkness could be felt
In which their voices rang out young and clear,
Taking the vows so terrible to hear—
Obedience and poverty till death,
And chastity in every act and breath.
Between the vows sweet-chanted prayers were said
That they might keep these vows till they were dead.
Ah me! I think the good God sorrowed then
To see such burdens laid on mortal men.
Next came the kiss of peace. In every eye
Sprang tears as, gliding slow and noiselessly
Like ghosts, the Benedictines one by one
Embraced and kissed each novice.

All was done
Now, save that last, most dreadful sight of all,
The dying to the world.

One gold-wrought pall
Of black the acolytes laid on the ground;
Another pall was lifted high to spread
Above the bodies.

With a joyous tread
Luigi came to lay him down. One glance
He lifted—oh, what sped the fatal chance?
What cruel fate his ardent eyes did guide
Unto her face who had been born his bride?
I saw the glance. I saw the quick blood mount
Her cheek as well as his. No man may count
How swift love's motion in a vein can be;
Light is a laggard by its ecstasy.

'Twas but a glance—I said this tale was strange,
Might seem to you but idle—such a change
Did pass upon their faces, his and hers,
As comes upon the sea when sudden stirs
A mighty wind. More ghastly now and white
Than he were dead Luigi's face.

The rite
Went on. The pall upon their forms was dropped.
Rigid they lay, as if their hearts had stopped.
The candles flickered down; the light grew dim;
The singers chanted low a funeral hymn.
The mothers' sobs broke on the stifled air,
For living sons lay worse than lifeless there.
At last the pall was lifted. Now commands
To rise in God's name were read.

With hands
Unsteady in his joy, the Abbot pressed
Their brows, and with his benediction blessed
The new-born men.

Triumphant now, and loud
The mass went on. The new-made brothers bowed
And knelt in prayer beside the rest.

At last
The tedious mass was done. With eyes downcast,
Slow-moving, one by one, the monks arose.
The silent threshold of their cloister close
They silent crossed. Luigi did not rise.
Thinking him rapt in prayer, with reverent eyes
And hands crossed on his breast, the brother next
Stood waiting—waited long—at length, perplexed,
He bent him down and gently on his arm
Laid hand. Awe-stricken, in a quick alarm,

Upon his knees he fell; Luigi's head
He lifted. It fell back.

"The man is dead!"
He cried. The monks in wild confusion bore
The body swiftly through the cloister door.
Some women shrieked and fainted, and the crowd
Went surging from the church with murmurs loud.
None saw but me one white and anguished face,
Fair as a broken lily in its grace,—
Luigi's bride. With slow, unfaltering feet,
And a composure deathly calm and sweet,
She walked the long and columned aisles, nor bore
More heavily than she had borne before
Upon her father's arm.

Next day, all Rome
Was ringing with the tale how God called home,
In the first moment of his sacred vows,
The young Luigi. Well the priesthood knows
How best to turn to good account each thing
Which sets the multitude a-marveling.
And it was well, Luigi's mother thought,
Her son so soon had certain heaven bought.
But I—I knew it was the heaven he had lost,
The terror of the other heaven's cost,
That broke his heart; and I, too, said 'twas well;
The grave was better than the cloister cell!
And when, a few months later, 'neath a mound
Which daisies whitened still, and while the sound
Of larks still lingered in the summer air,
Was laid Luigi's bride, so young, so fair,
I said that, too, was well; that heaven was kind,
And in some world she would Luigi find.
They called it Roman fever, and they said
She took it on that day the young monk dead

Was found in San Paolo; that the place
Had always deadly been; a sad disgrace—
The Benedictines there to double death
Were doomed. And thus, its ignorant, idle breath
The world a brief space spent, and then forgot.
But I—I loved Luigi. I could not
Forget; nor ever will. My tale is true.
I loved him so; that is the way I knew.

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# TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE'S EXPERIMENT.

SAMUEL WARREN.

[*From "Ten Thousand a Year."*]

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE was an ignorant, vain fop; a clerk on small pay in a dry-goods house; he occupied a shabby back attic room, in Mrs. Squallop's lodgings. Mr. Gammon was a member of a rather sharp firm of solicitors interested in asserting a claim which they discovered Titmouse possessed on a large estate. He has just learned of his good fortune and is looking to changes in the future. The first of these was his hair (for heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue), and the next was an eye-glass, without which he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Mr. Tag-rag to depart for the day, and instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier—well known to those, at least, who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertisements in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair-dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it), he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the

counter reading. He was handsome, and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning light hair black," and was answered, "Only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it was, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse anxiously.

"Is my hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner; "because I owe it entirely to this valuable specific."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse, adding, with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" and, lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, carroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious. "What a curse to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-it's-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir—certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick-dust; but, I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it; it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy [the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air]; and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a

child, but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly.

"Sometimes two, sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her—ha, ha." Here another customer entered, and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wonder-working vial into his pocket, and on receiving his change departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eye-glass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon, and he eventually purchased it for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating-house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and moustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment.

Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lighted his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little vial, and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms, as the "Duke of . . . . , the Countess of . . . , the Earl of, etc., etc., etc., the lovely Miss——, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used)—all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks"—that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of for upward of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the vial had been wrapped; and

about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream—that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before—and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass! This woke him. Up he jumped, sprung to his little glass breathlessly—but, ah! merciful heavens! he almost dropped down dead! His hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood there staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again in a kind of ecstasy, rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about, again looked into the glass. There it was, rougher than before, but eyebrows, whiskers and head—all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green.

Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this? What was to become of him? He got into bed again and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself again, on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes he got out of bed, and, kneeling down, tried to say his prayers, but it was in vain. It was plain that he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop-window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his tea-kettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his night-cap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back toward the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady.

No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him, not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs with boots and trousers exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him to be in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his legs, happening to direct her eyes toward the window, beheld a small vial, only half of whose dark contents were remaining—oh, gracious! Of course, it must be poison, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out: "Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been——"

"Well, ma'am, what the devil do you mean? How dare——"commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton night-cap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

"Lord a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop faintly, the moment that this strange apparition presented itself, and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window-shelf. Titmouse, from that, supposed she had found out the true state of the case.

"Well—isn't it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he, getting off the bed, and, plucking off his night-cap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. "What d'ye think of *that!*" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad—I *shall!*" cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

"O Lord! O Lord!" groaned Mrs. Squallop. Presently, however, she recovered her presence of mind, and Titmouse explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst

into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her. At length, however, the fit went off, and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what "a good hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain. Scrub, scrub, lather, lather, did they both; but the instant the soap-suds were washed off there was the head as green as ever.

"Oh, murder! murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why, really, I'd be off to a police-office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you!*" quoth Mrs. Squallop.

"No! See if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what's left, and I'll smash in his shop-front besides!"

"Oh, you mustn't, not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, and it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out. But—a—a—excuse me, Mr. Titmouse, why wasn't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think He didn't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you."

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner. "A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment, where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a'n't your own hair, Mrs. Squallop; you're as gray as a badger underneath, 'pon my soul. I've often remarked it."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take *that* for sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him). "Get

rid of your green hair, if you can! It's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*, and some likes one and some the other—ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ——" he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her, with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half-frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample:

"This divine fluid (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor, by the lovely Duchess of Doodle) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever color, to a dazzling jet black; at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs. Fitzfrippery, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivaled raven ringlets which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds," and so forth. A little further on: "This exquisite effect is not in all cases produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, at Paris, informed the inventor) on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the coloring matter constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but not unfrequently the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints*, all, however, ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said:

"Though cases do, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which

the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even this potent remedy, of which, however, in all his experience," (the wonderful specific has been invented for about six months) "the inventor has known but very few instances." But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse, alas! entertained a dismal suspicion that *he* belonged!

"Look, sir! Look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised or discomposed.

"Ah, yes! I see—I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people——"

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad. I look like a green monkey!"

"In *me*, now, the color was a strong *yellow*. But have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper?"

"Read 'em?" echoed Titmouse, furiously, "I should think so! Much good they do *me!* Sir, you're a humbug! an impostor! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all!"

"Rather a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added, coolly, "If you'll only persevere——"

"Persevere be d—d!" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head, "I'll teach you to persevere in taking in the public! I'll have a warrant out against you in no time!"

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!" said the gentleman coolly.

"The—devil—you—are!" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often, often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but, in a day or two afterward, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows!"

"No! But really—do they, sir!" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir!" And one lady gave me a picture of herself in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was a puce color. Fact, honor!"

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any? Fifty at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead—but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But everything is honor and confidential *here!*"

"And did Lord What's-his-name's hair go green, and then black; and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce we've used a quarter of pound of soft soap in——"

"Soft soap! soft soap!" cried out the gentleman, with an air of sudden alarm. "That explains all" (he forgot how well it had already been explained by him). "By heavens, sir! soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his reflecting mind that the intolerable green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you —go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of Damascus Cream, and rub it in before it's too late, and then use the remainder of the——"

"Then you don't think it's already too late?" inquired Titmouse faintly, and having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus Cream, which was "*only* three-and-sixpence," he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure.

Titmouse slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus Cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his per-

severing exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sunk down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass, and then, opening the door, let in Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it, and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gammon only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman.

When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to himself. Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied, Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a trifle more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, inquired, "What's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a horrid head of hair as this?" On hearing which Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and laughed for one or two minutes without ceasing. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a lamentable manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which "he deplored being unable to alleviate." He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked if he could not "have the law of the man who had so imposed on him." Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of paper tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he

almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse's emerald hair.

When Titmouse rose the next morning, behold, he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet color! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked-for change of color, and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was behind the counter as usual, calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see; as I said! as I said!" quoth he, with a sort of glee in his manner. "Isn't it coming round quicker than usual? Really, I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering, "then *is* it really going on tolerable well?" taking off his hat, and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"Tolerable well, my dear sir! Delightful! Perfect! Couldn't be better! If you'd studied the thing, you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle color between green and black. Indeed, black's only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing!" Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir, my hair is to come like yours, eh? you recollect, sir? Honor! that was the bargain, you know!"

"I have very little doubt of it, sir, nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

[The scamp had been hired expressly for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion; his own hair being a natural black.]

"I'm going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some great people, at the west end of the town—eh? you understand? will it do by that time? Would give a trifle to get

my hair a shade darker by that time—for—hem! most lovely girl—eh? you understand the thing? Devilish anxious, and all that sort of thing, you know!"

"Yes, I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; it combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is generally arrived at in about two days' time——"

"But it will do *something* in a night's time, eh? surely?"

"I should think so! It is called the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse with a kind of awe. "'Pon honor, it almost takes one's breath away!"

"It will do more, sir; it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot), whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze—ha, ha!—came here, after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra, and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

"*How* much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse.

"Only nine-and-sixpence."

"Oh, my stars, what a price! Nine-and-six——"

"Ah, but would you have believed it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a great German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world!"

"That may be, but, really, I've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two! Couldn't you say eight sh——"

"We never abate, sir; it's not *our* style of doing business," replied the gentleman, in a manner that quite overawed poor Titmouse, who at once bought this.

That night he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making (for, by candle-light, it really looked

much darker than could have been expected) that he resolved, at all events for the present, to leave well alone; or, at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Away, therefore, he rubbed; and, when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result which would be disclosed by the morning's light. But, alas! when he looked at himself in the glass, about six o'clock, his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow; which, combining with the purple color of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable youthful folly in his features, and a purple crown of wonder on his head.

He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed with a feeling as if he were now fit for death. As before, Mrs. Squallop made her appearance with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table dressed, and with his arms folded, with a reckless air, not at all caring to conceal the new and still more frightful change which he had undergone since she saw him last. Mrs. Squallop stared at him for a second or two in silence; then, stepping to the door, stood outside laughing vehemently.

"I'll kick you downstairs!" shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

"Mr.—Mr.—Titmouse, you'll be the death of me—you will—you will!" gasped Mrs. Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out the kettle, which she was unconsciously holding in a slant. After a while, however, they got reconciled. Mrs. Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers; and seemed dismayed, indeed, on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning none could be got, and she teased him to try a little blacking! He did, but of course it was useless. He sat for an hour or two in an ecstasy of grief and rage. What would he now have given never to have meddled with the hair which heaven had thought fit to send him into the world

with! Alas, with what mournful force Mrs. Squallop's words again and again recurred to him!

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## ONE WORD.

WALLACE BRUCE.

"WRITE me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor, and glory wed."

"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure, and faith unite."

"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."

"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."

"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."

"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A lark-note waking the morning wide."

"Nay, all too long," said the busy age—
"Write me a line instead of a page."

The swift years spoke—the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."

He looked in the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies;

From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one-word poem—"Love!"

# THE HONEYMOON.

JOHN TOBIN.

ACT II., SCENE 2.--BALTHAZAR'S house. [Enter BALTHAZAR, followed by the COUNT disguised as a friar.]

BALTHAZAR. These things premised, you have my full consent
To try my daughter's humor. But observe me, sir!
I will use no compulsion with my child.
If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,
I should not now have mourned a daughter lost!

[*Enter* VOLANTE.]

VOL. What is your pleasure?

BAL. Know this holy man; [*Introducing the* COUNT.]
It is the father confessor I spoke of.
Though he looks young, in all things which respect
His sacred function he is deeply learned.

VOL. It is the Count! [*Aside.*]

BAL. I leave you to his guidance;
To his examination and free censure,
Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

VOL. I shall observe, sir——

[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.]

Nay 'tis he, I'll swear! [*Aside.*]

COUNT. Pray heaven she don't suspect me! Well, young lady, you have heard your father's commands?

VOL. Yes; and now he has left us alone, what are we to do?

COUNT. I am to listen and you are to confess.

VOL. What! And then you are to confess, and I am to listen? Oh! I'll take care you shall do penance, though. [*Aside.*]

COUNT. Pshaw!

VOL. Well; but what am I to confess?

COUNT. Your sins, daughter; your sins.

VOL. What! all of them?

COUNT. Only the great ones.

VOL. The great ones! Oh, you must learn those of my neighbors, whose business it is, like you, to confess everybody's sins but their own. If, now, you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would own them to you with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all the capital blunders of the work itself.

COUNT. Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.

VOL. In haste! Then suppose I confess my virtues? You shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

COUNT. Nay, then, I must call your father.

VOL. Why, then, to be serious. If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

COUNT. It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love.

VOL. So, so! Are you there! [*Aside.*] That I am in love?

COUNT. With a man——

VOL. Why, what should a woman be in love with?

COUNT. You interrupt me, lady—a young man.

VOL. I'm not in love with an old one, certainly. But is love a crime, father?

COUNT. Heaven forbid!

VOL. Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

COUNT. Ay, but the concealing it is a crime.

VOL. Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

COUNT. Of the first magnitude.

VOL. Why, then, I confess——

COUNT. Well, what?

VOL. That the Count Montalban——

COUNT. Go on!

VOL. Is—

COUNT. Proceed!

VOL. Desperately in love with me.

COUNT. Pshaw! That's not the point!

VOL. Well, well, I'm coming to it; and not being able in h

own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

COUNT. Discovered!

VOL. Ha! ha! ha! You are but a young masquerader or you wouldn't have left your vizor at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass.

[COUNT *takes off the friar's gown.*]

COUNT. Nay, Volante, hear me!

VOL. Not a step nearer! The snake is still dangerous, though he has cast his skin. I believe you are the first lover on record that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than ever my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

COUNT. What then?

VOL. Then I might have confessed what it's now impossible I can ever confess; and so farewell, my noble count confessor!

[*Exit.*]

COUNT. Farewell. And when I've hit upon the longitude,
And plumbed the yet unfathomed ocean,
I'll make another venture for thy love.
Here comes her father. I'll be fooled no longer.

[*Enter* BALTHAZAR.]

BAL. Well, sir, how thrive you?

COUNT. E'en as I deserve:
Your daughter has discovered, mocked at, and left me.

BAL. Yet I've another scheme.

COUNT. What is't?

BAL. My daughter, being a lover of my art, of late
Has vehemently urged to see your portrait;
Which, now 'tis finished, I stand pledged she shall.
Go to the picture room—and stand there concealed;
Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight;
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans toward you,
In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,

Her love will suddenly break out. Away!
I hear her coming.

COUNT. There is some hope in this.

BAL. It shall do wonders. Hence! [*Exit* COUNT.]

[*Enter* VOLANTE.]

VOL. What, is he gone, sir?

BAL. Gone! D'ye think the man is made of marble? Yes, he is gone.

VOL. Forever?

BAL. Ay, forever.

VOL. Alas, poor Count! Or has he only left you
To study some new character? Pray tell me,
What will he next appear in?

BAL. This is folly.
'Tis time to call your wanton spirits home—
You are too wild of speech.

VOL. My thoughts are free, sir; and those I utter——

BAL. Far too quickly, girl;
Your shrewdness is a scarecrow to your beauty.

VOL. It will fright none but fools, sir. Men of sense must naturally admire in us the quality they most value in themselves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a woman, because he cannot answer her drafts upon his understanding. But now we talk of the Count, don't you remember your promise, sir?

BAL. Umph! [*Aside.*] What promise, girl?

VOL. That I should see your picture of him.

BAL. So you shall, when you can treat the original with a little more respect.

VOL. Nay, sir, a promise!

BAL. Well, you'll find the door open. But before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like the Count, his person, and understanding?

VOL. Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like the youth in the

fountain, nor yet so ugly as to be frightened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the Count is very well worth any young woman's contemplation—when she has no better earthly thing to think about. [*Runs off.*]

BAL. So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,
Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,
Flies to the limed bush, and there is caught.
I'll steal and watch their progress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 3.—The Picture Room. The COUNT discovered concealing himself behind his portrait. [Enter VOLANTE.]

VOL. Confess that I love the Count! A woman may do a more foolish thing than to fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. [*Looks at the picture.*] 'Tis very like him—the hair is a shade too dark—and rather too much complexion for a despairing enamorato. Confess that I love him! Now, there is only his picture. I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. [*Advances in centre of stage. The* COUNT *comes from behind picture and listens.*] "Daughter, they tell me you're in love?" "Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth." "With the Count Montalban, daughter?" "Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjuror!" "They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage?" "There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do." Then he should throw off his disguise—I should gaze at him with astonishment—he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them [*the* COUNT *catches her in his arms*]—the Count! [*Enter* BALTHAZAR.] My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, Count, while I am free to give it.

# LOVE.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights—whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love, and feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I live o'er again that happy hour,
When, midway on the mount, I lay beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene, had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy, my own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armèd man, the statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay, amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own, my hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing the songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air, I sang an old and moving story—
An old, rude song that suited well that ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush, with downcast eyes and modest grace:
For well she knew I could not choose but gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed the Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah! the deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush, with downcast eyes, and modest grace,
And she forgave me, that I gazed too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn that crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods, nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den, and sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once in green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face an angel, beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend—this miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did, he leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death the Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees; and how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate the scorn that crazed his brain;

And how she nursed him in a cave; and how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves a dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached that tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music, and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight, she blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream, I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside, as conscious of my look she stepped,—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye, she fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms, she pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up and gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear, and partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see, the swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm, and told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve, my bright and beauteous bride.

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## THE KING IS DEAD, LONG LIVE THE KING.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

DO you see how the Old Year hides his eyes,
Hides his eyes as he steals away?
Yet they shone like stars with a glad surprise
Only a twelvemonth ago to-day.
He had come to be king o'er the world of men;
Gifts he had brought in his lavish hand,
And we, his subjects, trusted him then,
And shouted and laughed at the King's command.

The bells they rang, and the people cheered,
And the preachers praised him and welcomed him in—
Never a king more royal appeared,
Or ever was hailed with a lordlier din.

Then, sooth, he began his gifts to bestow,
  As a monarch might on a waiting band
Of his courtiers, smiling and bowing below,
  Waiting his pleasure and kissing his hand.

He was a giver impartial as Fate—
  Donor to one and donor to all,
And the crowds that gathered his pleasure to wait
  Caught each of them something his hand let fall:
To these it was love, that is strong as life;
  To those it was death, more tender than love;
To some it was victory after strife,
  To others defeat and the sorrow thereof.

Till at last his courtiers grew ill content,
  And each man sighed for his neighbor's dole,
And the Year was old, and his strength was spent—
  Toll the bell for his parting soul!
Toll, but be glad, for the old should die,
  And love and life belong to the new—
Why over the Old Year should we sigh?
  He was but a niggard to me, to you.

But this glad New Year, with smiles in his eyes,
  This new young king, who is good to see,
He will make us happy and wealthy and wise,
  And for him we will clamor joyously—
Shout till our throats with shouting are hoarse,
  Ring the bells and kindle the fires,
For he will bring to us joy, perforce—
  Give to our hearts our heart desires.

Surely he cannot be stern or sad—
  He, with the light in his shining eyes—
We, his subjects, shall all be glad,
  Dowered at last with some sweet surprise.

What the hard Old Year to our prayers denied
We shall win from the New Year, glad and gay,
And live, with his bounty satisfied,—
Welcome him in! It is New Year's Day.

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# THE DAY-DREAM.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*The Sleeping Beauty.*

YEAR after year unto her feet, she lying on her couch alone,
Across the purpled coverlet, the maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her trancèd form forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumbrous light is rich and warm, and moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid her full black ringlets downward rolled,
Glows forth each softly shadowed arm with bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps: her breathings are not heard in palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirred that lie upon her charmèd heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells the gold-fringed pillow lightly pressed;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells a perfect form in perfect rest.

*The Arrival.*

All precious things discovered late, to those that seek them issue forth;
For love in sequel works with fate, and draws the veil from hidden worth.
He travels far from other skies—his mantle glitters on the rocks—
A fairy prince with joyful eyes, and lighter-footed than the fox.

The bodies and the bones of those that strove in other days to pass
Are withered in the thorny close, or scattered blanching on the grass.
He gazes on the silent dead: "They perished in their daring deeds."
This proverb flashes thro' his head, "The many fail; the one succeeds."

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks; he breaks the hedge; he enters there;
The color flies into his cheeks; he trusts to light on something fair.
For all his life the charm did talk about his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk, and whispered voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind; the magic music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he find the quiet chamber far apart.
His spirit flutters like a lark, he stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark, how dark those hidden eyes must be!"

*The Revival.*

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapped—there rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapped, and barking dogs, and crowing cocks.
A fuller light illumined all, a breeze through all the garden swept;
A sudden hubbub shook the hall, and sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew, the butler drank, the steward scrawled,
The fire shot up, the martin flew, the parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,
The maid and page renewed their strife, the palace banged, and buzzed and clacked,
And all the long-pent stream of life dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the King awoke, and in his chair himself upreared,
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke, "By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords; my beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words, 'twas but an after-dinner's nap.

"Pardy," returned the King, "but still my joints are something stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill I mentioned half an hour ago?"
The chancellor, sedate and vain, in courteous words returned reply;
But dallied with his golden chain, and, smiling, put the question by.

*The Departure.*

And on her lover's arm she leant, and round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went in that new world which is the old:
Across the hills, and far away beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day the happy Princess followed him.

"I'd sleep another hundred years, O love, for such another kiss."
"O wake forever, love," she hears, "O love, 'twas such as this and this."
And o'er them many a sliding star, and many a merry wind was borne,
And, streamed through many a golden bar, the twilight melted into morn.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!" "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"
"O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!" "O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
And o'er them many a flowing range of vapor buoyed the crescent-bark
And wrapt through many a rosy change the twilight died into the dark.

"A hundred summers! can it be? and whither goest thou, tell me where?"
"O seek my father's court with me, for there are greater wonders there."
And o'er the hills, and far away beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day, thro' all the world she followed him.

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## THE BARD AND THE CRICKET.

ROBERT BROWNING.

WHAT a pretty tale you told me, once upon a time.
Said you found it somewhere (scold me!); was it prose or was it rhyme?
Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting this much, if no more,
That a poet (pray, no petting!)—yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
Went where suchlike used to go,
Singing for a prize, you know.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely sing but play the lyre;
Playing was important clearly, quite as singing: I desire,
Sir, you keep the fact in mind
For a purpose that's behind.

There stood he, while deep attention held the judges round,—
Judges able, I should mention, to detect the slightest sound
Sung or played amiss: such ears
Had old judges, it appears!

None the less he sang out boldly, played in time and tune,
Till the judges, weighing coldly each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
Sure to smile: "In vain one tries
Picking faults out; take the prize!"

When a mischief! Were they seven strings the lyre possessed?
Oh, and afterward eleven; thank you! Well, sir,—who had guessed
Such ill luck in store?—it happed
One of those same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then? No! a cricket (what "cicada?" Pooh!),
Some mad thing that left its thicket for mere love of music, flew
With its little heart on fire,
Lighted on the crippled lyre.

So that when (ah, joy!) our singer for his truant string
Feels with disconcerted finger, what does cricket else but fling
Fiery heart forth, sound the note
Wanted by the throbbing throat!

Ay, and ever to the ending cricket chirps at need,
Executes the hand's intending promptly, perfectly,—indeed
Saves the singer from defeat
With her chirrup low and sweet.

Till, at ending, all the judges cry with one assent:
"Take the prize—a prize who grudges such a voice and instrument?
Why, we took your lyre for harp,
So it shrilled us forth F-sharp!"

Did the conqueror spurn the creature once its service done?
That's no such uncommon feature in the case when music's son
Finds his Lotte's power too spent
For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning homeward, prize in hand,
Satisfied his bosom's yearning (sir, I hope you understand!);
Said: "Some record there must be
Of this cricket's help to me!"

So he made himself a statue, marble stood, life-size;
On the lyre he pointed at you perched his partner in the prize;
Never more apart you found
Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale. Its application? somebody I know
Hopes one day for reputation through his poetry that's, oh!
All so learned and so wise,
And deserving of a prize!

If he gains one, will some ticket, when his statue's built,
Tell the gazer, "'Twas a cricket helped my crippled lyre; whose lilt
Sweet and low, when strength usurped
Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped?

"For as victory was nighest, while I sang and played,—
With my lyre at lowest, highest, right alike, one string that made
Love sound soft was snapt in twain,
Never to be heard again—

"Had not a kind cricket fluttered, perched upon the place
Vacant left, and duly uttered 'Love, love, love,' whate'er the bass
Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone."

But you don't know music! Wherefore keep on casting pearls
To a—poet? All I care for is—to tell him that a girl's
Love comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)

## HUNTING TOWER.

JEANIE. When ye gang awa', Jamie, far across the sea, laddie;
When ye gang to Germanie, what will ye send to me, laddie?

JAMIE. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie, the brawest in the town, lassie;
And it shall be o' silk and gowd, wi' Valenciennes set round, lassie.

JEANIE. That's nae gift ava, Jamie, silk and gowd and a', laddie;
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

JAMIE. When I come back again, Jeanie, frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay, to be your ain gudeman, lassie.

JEANIE. Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie, marry me yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie, wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

JAMIE. I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie; I dinna see how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three, and I'm no sure how ye'd agree, lassie.

JEANIE. Ye shou'd ha'e telt me that in time, Jamie, ye shou'd ha'e telt me that lang syne, laddie;
For had I kent o' your fause heart, ye ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

JAMIE. Your e'en were like a spell, Jeanie; mair sweet than I could tell, lassie;
That ilka day bewitched me sae, I could na help mysel', lassie.

JEANIE. Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie, gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray thee ne'er may thole a broken heart, like me, laddie.

JAMIE. Dry that tearful ee, Jeanie, grieve nae more for me, lassie;
I've neither wife, nor bairnies three, and I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

JEANIE. Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie, ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I ha'e neither gowd nor lands to be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie, fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bow'r, and Hunting Tow'r; and a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

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## THE AVENGING CHILDE.

FROM THE SPANISH, BY J. G. LOCKHART.

HURRAH! hurrah! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe;
His horse is swift as sands that drift—an Arab of the wild;
His gown is twisted round his arm—a ghastly cheek he wears;
And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting-knife he bears.

Avoid that knife in battle-strife, that weapon short and thin;
The dragon's gore hath bathed it o'er, seven times 'twas steeped therein;
Seven times the smith hath proved its pith, it cuts a coulter through—
In France the blade was fashionèd, from Spain the shaft it drew.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle bow,
He sharpens it on either side, he makes the steel to glow.
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and faitour knight,
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.

He found him standing by the King within the judgment-hall;
He rushed within the Barons' ring—he stood before them all.
Seven times he gazed and pondered, if he the deed should do,
Eight times distraught he looked and thought, then out his dagger flew.

He stabbed therewith at Quadros—the King did step between,
It pierced his royal garment of purple wove with green;
He fell beneath the canopy, upon the tiles he lay.
"Thou traitor keen, what dost thou mean? thy King why wouldst thou slay?"

"Now, pardon, pardon," cried the Childe, "I stabbed not, King, at thee,
But him, that caitiff, blood defiled, who stood beside thy knee;
Eight brothers were we—in the land might none more loving be—
They all are slain by Quadros' hand—they are all dead but me.

"Good King, I fain would wash the stain—for vengeance is my cry:
This murderer with sword and spear to battle I defy."
But all took part with Quadros, except one, lovely May;
Except the King's fair daughter, none word for him would say.

She took their hands, she led them forth into the court below;
She bade the ring be guarded; she bade the trumpet blow;
From lofty place, for that stern race, the signal she did throw—
"With truth and right the Lord will fight—together let them go."

The one is up, the other down, the hunter's knife is bare;
It cuts the lace beneath the face, it cuts through beard and hair;
Right soon that knife hath quenched his life—the head is sundered sheer;
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on his spear.

But when the King beholds him bring that token of his truth,
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath—"Kneel down, thou noble youth;
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown, I am no more thy foe;
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago."

# LITTLE SIGRID.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

LITTLE SIGRID, fresh and rosy, was a bonny maid, indeed,
Like a blossom fair and fragile, peeping from the dewy mead.
Little Sigrid, fresh and rosy, stood before her father bold;
Blue her eyes were as the heavens, bright her hair like marigold:

"Father, dear, 'tis drear and lonely for a maid as fair as I,
Here, unsought by gallant wooers, as a maid to live and die.
Saddle then thy fleetest chargers, whether good or ill betide,
For a twelvemonth I must leave thee, and in haste to court will ride."

So they saddled steed and palfrey; glad in heart young Sigrid rode
By her merry train attended to the gallant King's abode.
"Little Sigrid," so the King spake, "here by Christ the White I swear,
Never yet mine eyes have rested on a maid so wondrous fair."

Little Sigrid, laughing gayly at the young King as he swore,
Blushed the while a deeper crimson than she e'er had blushed before.
Flushed with joy each day ascended from the sea and westward waned,
And in Little Sigrid's bosom happiness and gladness reigned.

For she rode with knights and ladies to the chase at peep of morn,
While the merry woods resounded with the blare of fife and horn.
And the night was bright with splendor, music, dance and feast and play,
Like a golden trail that follows in the wake of parting day.

Quoth the King to Little Sigrid—hot was he with wine and glee,
"I do love thee, Little Sigrid; thou must e'er abide with me."
And the foolish Little Sigrid to the King made answer so:
"I'll abide with thee and love thee, share thy joy and share thy woe."

"And the day," the gay King whispered, "that to thee I break my troth,
May'st thou claim my soul, my life-blood, to appease God's righteous wrath."
And long days, from eastward rising, sank in blood beneath the west,
And the maid, once merry-hearted, bore a secret 'neath her breast.

"Hast not heard the merry tidings—how the King, whom weal betide,
Rode abroad through seven kingdoms, rode abroad to seek a bride?
How in baking and in brewing they more malt and meal have spent
Than from Michaelmas to Christmas well might feed a continent."

Sigrid heard the merry tidings; with a tearless, dimmed amaze
She beheld the young bride coming, saw the halls with lights ablaze,
And with hurried steps and breathless to the river-bank she sped,
Leaped into the silent billows, dumbly closing o'er her head.

Winter blew his icy breath and silvered all the earth with frost;
Spring arose warm-cheeked and blushing, followed by his flowery host,
And Sir Halfred, Sigrid's brother, straight bestrode his charger gray,
Harp in hand, wild ditties singing, rode he to the court away.

Far and wide renowned that harp was for its strength and rich design;
It was wrought with strange devices from the earth and air and brine.
But the seventh night the weary charger at the river's side
Stumbled, and the harp fell moaning down upon the darkling tide.

And the soul of Little Sigrid, wandering homeless, seeking rest,
Slipped into its hollow chamber, hiding in its sounding breast.
But Sir Halfred clasped it fiercely, and its tone rose on the breeze
Like the voice of one that vainly would his wakeful woe appease.

And the King, with court assembled, heard the weird lamenting tone:
"Summon swift that goodly harper to the threshold of my throne."
Then they summoned young Sir Halfred, fair to see and tall was he,
And he stood with head uplifted in that gallant company.

And he touched the harp with cunning; gently rose its tuneful breath,
But the King sat mute and shivered, and his cheeks were pale as death.
Halfred smote the harp with fervor, wildly rang its wail of grief—
On his throne the young King quivered, quivered like an aspen leaf.

As the third time o'er the metal with a wary touch he sped,
Snapt each string with loud resounding—on his throne the King lay dead!
Through the courtiers' ranks a shuddering, terror-haunted whisper stole:
"It is Little Sigrid coming back to claim his faithless soul."

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# THE STAGE DETECTIVE AND PEASANTS.

JEROME K. JEROME.

AH! he is a cute one, *he* is. Possibly in real life he would not be deemed anything extraordinary; but by contrast with the average of stage men and women, any one who is not a born fool naturally appears somewhat Machiavelian.

He is the only man, in the play, who does not swallow all the villain tells him and believe it, and come up with his mouth open for more. He is the only man who can see through the disguise of an overcoat and a new hat.

The detective must not be confounded with the policeman. The stage policeman is always on the side of the villain; the de-

tective backs virtue. The stage detective is, in fact, the earthly agent of a discerning and benevolent Providence. He stands by, and allows vice to be triumphant and the good people to be persecuted, for a while, without interference. Then when he considers that we have all had about enough of it (to which conclusion, by the bye, he arrives somewhat late), he comes forward, handcuffs the bad people, sorts out and gives back to the good people all their various estates and wives, promises the chief villain twenty years' penal servitude, and all is joy.

The peasants are so clean. We have seen peasantry off the stage, and it has presented an untidy—occasionally a disreputable and unwashed appearance; but the stage peasant seems to spend all his wages on soap and hair oil.

They are always round the corner—or rather round the two corners—and they come on in a couple of streams, and meet in the centre; and when they are in their proper position they smile. There is nothing like the stage peasant's smile in this world—nothing so perfectly inane, so calmly imbecile.

They are so happy. They don't look it, but we know they are, because they say so. If you don't believe them, they dance three steps to the right and three steps to the left back again. They can't help it. It is because they are so happy. When they are more than usually rollicking, they stand in a semicircle, with their hands on each other's shoulders, and sway from side to side, trying to make themselves sick. But this is only when they are simply bursting with joy.

Stage peasants never have any work to do. Sometimes we see them going to work, sometimes coming home from work, but nobody has even seen them actually *at* work. They could not afford to work, it would spoil their clothes.

They are very sympathetic, are stage peasants. They never seem to have any affairs of their own to think about, but they make up for this by taking a three-hundred horse-power interest in things in which they have no earthly concern. What particularly rouses them is the heroine's love affairs. They could listen to that all

day. They yearn to hear what she said to him, and to be told what he replied to her, and they repeat it to each other.

In our own love-sick days we often used to go and relate to various people all the touching conversations that took place between *our* lady-love and ourselves; but *our* friends never seemed to get excited over it. On the contrary, a casual observer might even have been led to the idea that they were bored by our recital. And they had trains to catch, and men to meet, before we had got a quarter through the job. Ah, how often, in those days, have we yearned for the stage peasant!

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# THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAR.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE Mother of God at Kevlar her best dress wears to-day;
Full much hath she to accomplish, so great the sick folks' array.

The sick folk with them are bringing, as offerings fitting and mete
Strange limbs, of wax all fashioned, yea, waxen hands and feet.

And he who a wax hand offers finds cured in his hand the wound;
And he who a wax foot proffers straight finds his foot grow sound.

To Kevlar went many on crutches, who now on the tight-rope skip,
And many a palsied finger o'er the viol doth merrily trip.

The mother, she took a wax-light and out of it fashioned a heart:
"My son, take that to God's Mother, and she will cure thy smart."

The son took, sighing, the wax heart, went with sighs to the shrine so blest;
The tears burst forth from his eyelids, the words burst from his breast:

"Thou highly favored, blest one! thou pure and godlike maid!
Thou mighty Queen of heaven! to thee be my grief displayed.

"I, with my mother, was dwelling in yonder town of Cologne,—
The town that many a hundred fair churches and chapels doth own.

"And near us there dwelt my Gretchen, who, alas! is dead to-day;
O Mary, I bring thee a wax heart! my heart's wound cure, I pray.

"My sick heart cure, oh, cure thou! and early and late my vow
I'll pay and sing with devotion—O Mary, blessed be thou!"

The poor sick son and his mother in their little chamber slept;
The Mother of God to their chamber all lightly, lightly crept.

She bent herself over the sick one; her hand with action light
Upon his heart placed softly, smiled sweetly, and vanished from sight.

The mother saw all in her vision,—saw this, and saw much more.
From out her slumber woke she,—the hounds were baying full sore.

Her son was lying before her, and dead her son he lay,
While over his pale cheeks gently the light of morning did play.

Her hands the mother folded, she felt she knew not how;
With meekness sighed she softly, "O Mary, blessed be thou!"

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## THE DANCING-GIRL.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WE camped at Delhi,—by the Kashmîr gate,
A Taïfah of eleven, with four who played
Sitar and drum, and one was Lakshmî named,
A brown Mahratta girl of high-caste blood,
Beautiful and young, an unthreaded pearl!
We were commanded to a palace-feast
Where round a gay ring sate the powerful ones,
Rajahs and Sirdars, in a cloistered court

Shining with lamps and fountains and white gleam
Of marbles glistering; and your Sahebs were there,
Proud English officers, with cold blue eyes
Which look you through and through.
One of them, proudest, handsomest; they said
He had slain nine in fight, and never yet
Bent knee to woman. Lakshmî went with us,
For, girl albeit, she danced as no one else.
Our best had played, but no man heeded them,
Rajah or Sirdar, least of all that Saheb,
When Gunesh thumbed the bass Mahratta drum,
And Lakshmî let her chuddur fall, and stepped
Into the lamp-light, to the dancing-place.
All started, but the English Captain most.
He gazed, played with his sabre-strap; and gazed
And clasped his palms, as 'twere some heavenly dream.
So like a desert-deer she glided near,
So leaf-soft on the carpets fell her feet,
So perfect to the music moved her limbs,
So fair she was and winning, with no gems
Bound on her neck, no rings, no belt of gold,
Only her yellow choli and gauze skirt
And one red lotus in her glossy hair.
Ah! a girl to steal the heart!

The rest you judge. She set his blood aflame
Before the second measure of the song,
With what the Saheb speaks of, "lightning-love;"
And Lakshmî, like all women, saw and knew
As soon as he. So, when she danced his way
And finished at his side—with bended knee
And little rose-dyed hands crossed on her breast—
All proud and cold and lordly as he was,
We saw him loose the golden chain he wore
And knit it round her throat, whispering quick praise;

While Lakshmî kissed his hands, and from her hair
Plucking the lotus laid it at his feet,
Much hindered that she should give him more.
Gunesh, who made the music, had her heart,
If there beat any heart in that cold breast.
Together in one village they had dwelled,
Playmates from birth, and promised each to each.
Therefore in vain the English Captain prayed,
In vain his strong neck bent at Lakshmî's feet.
Naught won he with that brown Mahratta maid
By gifts, or words, or honeyed messages,
Save "Never! never!" from sweet lips set close,
And looks from Gunesh fierce enough to kill.
He would ride, of nights,
Twenty-five koss to see her dance, would quit
His friends, his tasks, the race, the tiger-hunt,
If he might snatch one hour at dusk to plead
With Lakshmî for her love—yet all in vain,
Because of Gunesh and her vow.

But one day came a Sonar, selling stones,
Nose-gems and ear-gems; and when all were shown,
A string of great picked pearls, and two pearl-moons
Wrapped in a cloth. "See! I unroll you these
That you may dream you wear them!" mockingly
He said, and laid the milky luxuries
On Lakshmî's knee. "I have a prince will give
Rupees six thousand for that beauteous row."
Then Lakshmî's eyes lighted with leopard's gleam,
Her small, brown, eager hands fondled the pearls.
Twice round her throat she clasped the string and sighed:
"Shiva! how beautiful! Would 'twere my prince."
And he was by, watching her ache for it.

We went to journey next day northward—far;
But that night, through the lattice of our hut

I saw his gold lace glitter where she sate;
I heard his deep voice shake, while he said this,
"Lakshmî! without your love I shall not live.
Take from my soul the spell of those great eyes,
Or heal their mischief with those flow'r-soft lips!"
But she muttered, "Saheb, no."
And then he clinked his spurs, and whispered wild
"Thou wilt not love me, black Mahratta witch?
Well! let me buy thee!" and therewith he flung
That milk-white lovely pearl-string in her lap,
Which coiled across the velvet skin like snake
Over dusk leaves, and like the subtle snake
Struck her, and stung that sullen soul with greed.
I saw her play
Wistfully with the pearls, and then she plucked
Her temple flower, the rose-red lotus-bud,
Forth from her hair, and flung it at his feet
With petulant, quick cry, as once before;
Twisting those pearls tight in her untied hair.

Next dawning, at what hour the Wolf's Tail sweeps
The sky clear of late stars, in his own tent
That Saheb lay with proud heart still a-beat,
Musing on Lakshmî, and her dear-bought love.
Tethered close by the cattle shook their bells;
Far off the first crow cawed, winging for food.
The tent-cloths flapped, the gray light crept and spread.
A bugle of reveille blew! He rose
To cool his brow with kiss of morn. Lo! there,
Face to face, at the entrance of his tent—
Set on a lance-staff planted in the sand—
Was Lakshmî's head! That rose-red temple-flower
Replaced amid the blood-stained braids; those pearls
Knotted upon her bleeding throat; the eyes—
Which were so lustrous—glazed, and blank, the mouth

A-grin with Death's ill-laughter! Round the spear
Fluttered a paper written: "Sahebji!
You bought her false lips dear! have now, beside,
Head, neck, and all! With every hair a curse
On her, and you! GUNESH, THE DECCANNEE."

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# THE BLACK VEIL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ONE winter's evening toward the close of the year 1800, a young medical practitioner, recently established in business, was seated by a cheerful fire in his little parlor, listening to the wind which was beating the rain in pattering drops against the window, and rumbling dismally in the chimney. The night was wet and cold; he had been walking through mud and water the whole day, and was now comfortably reposing in his dressing-gown and slippers, more than half asleep and less than half awake, revolving a thousand matters in his wandering imagination. First, he thought how hard the wind was blowing, and how the cold, sharp rain would be at that moment beating in his face, if he were not comfortably housed at home. Then his mind reverted to his annual Christmas visit to his native place and dearest friends; he thought how glad they would all be to see him, and how happy it would make Rose if he could only tell her that he had found a patient at last, and hoped to have more, and to come down again, in a few months' time, and marry her, and take her home to gladden his lonely fireside, and stimulate him to fresh exertions. Then he began to wonder when his first patient would appear, or whether he was destined, by a special dispensation of Providence, never to have any patients at all; and then he thought about Rose again, and dropped to sleep and dreamed about her, till the tones of her sweet, merry voice sounded in his ears, and her soft, tiny hand rested on his shoulder.

There *was* a hand upon his shoulder, but it was neither soft nor tiny; its owner being a corpulent, round-headed boy.

"A lady, sir—a lady!" whispered the boy, rousing his master with a shake.

"What lady?" cried our friend, starting up, not quite certain that his dream was an illusion, and half expecting that it might be Rose herself. "What lady? Where?"

"There, sir!" replied the boy, pointing to the door leading into the surgery, with an expression of alarm which the very unusual apparition of a customer might have tended to excite.

The surgeon looked toward the door, and started himself, for an instant, on beholding the appearance of his unlooked-for visitor.

It was a singularly tall woman, dressed in deep mourning, and standing so close to the door that her face almost touched the glass. The upper part of her figure was carefully muffled in a black shawl, as if for the purpose of concealment; and her face was shrouded with a thick black veil. Her figure was drawn to its full height, and though the surgeon *felt* that the eyes beneath the veil were fixed on him, she stood perfectly motionless, and evinced, by no gesture whatever, the slightest consciousness of his having turned toward her.

"Do you wish to consult me?" he inquired, with some hesitation, holding open the door. It opened inward, and therefore the action did not alter the position of the figure, which still remained motionless.

She slightly inclined her head in token of acquiescence.

"Pray walk in."

The figure moved a step forward; and then, turning its head in the direction of the boy—to his infinite horror—appeared to hesitate.

"Leave the room, Tom," said the young man. "Draw the curtain, and shut the door."

The surgeon drew a chair to the fire, and motioned the visitor to a seat. The mysterious figure moved slowly toward it. As the

blaze shone upon the black dress, the surgeon observed that the bottom of it was saturated with mud and rain.

"You are very wet," he said.

"I am," said the stranger, in a low, deep voice.

"And you are ill?" added the surgeon, compassionately, for the tone was that of a person in pain.

"I am, very ill; not bodily, but mentally. It is not for myself, or on my own behalf," continued the stranger, "that I come to you. If I labored under bodily disease, I should not be out, alone, at such an hour, or on such a night as this; and if I were afflicted with it, twenty-four hours hence, God knows how gladly I would lie down and pray to die. It is for another that I beseech your aid, sir. I may be mad to ask it for him—I think I am; but night after night through the long dreary hours of watching and weeping, the thought has been ever present to my mind; and though even *I* see the hopelessness of human assistance availing him, the bare thought of laying him in his grave without it makes my blood run cold!" And a shudder, such as the surgeon well knew art could not produce, trembled through the speaker's frame.

There was a desperate earnestness in this woman's manner, that went to the young man's heart. He was young in his profession, and had not yet witnessed enough of the miseries which are daily presented before the eyes of its members, to have grown comparatively callous to human suffering.

"If," he said, rising hastily, "the person of whom you speak be in so hopeless a condition as you describe, not a moment is to be lost. I will go with you instantly. Why did you not obtain medical advice before?"

"Because it would have been useless before—because it is useless even now," replied the woman, clasping her hands passionately.

The surgeon gazed, for a moment, on the black veil, as if to ascertain the expression of the features beneath it; its thickness, however, rendered such a result impossible.

"You *are* ill," he said gently, "although you do not know it. The fever which has enabled you to bear, without feeling it, the

fatigue you have evidently undergone, is burning within you now. Put that to your lips," he continued, pouring out a glass of water—"compose yourself for a few moments, and then tell me, as calmly as you can, what the disease of the patient is, and how long he has been ill. When I know what it is necessary I should know, to render my visit serviceable to him, I am ready to accompany you."

The stranger lifted the glass of water to her mouth, without raising the veil; put it down again, untasted; and burst into tears.

"I know," she said, sobbing aloud, "that what I say to you now seems like the ravings of fever. I have been told so before, less kindly than by you. I am not a young woman; and they do say, that as life steals on toward its close, the last short remnant, worthless as it may seem to all beside, is dearer to its possessor than all the years that have gone before, connected though they be with the recollection of old friends long since dead, and young ones—children perhaps—who have fallen off from and forgotten one as completely as if they had died too. My natural term of life cannot be many years longer, and should be dear on that account; but I would lay it down without a sigh—with cheerfulness—with joy—if what I tell you now were only false, or imaginary. To-morrow morning he of whom I speak will be, I *know*, though I would fain think otherwise, beyond the reach of human aid; and yet to-night, though he is in deadly peril, you must not see, and could not serve him."

"I am unwilling to increase your distress," said the surgeon, after a short pause, "by making any comment on what you have just said, or appearing desirous to investigate a subject you are so anxious to conceal; but there is an inconsistency in your statement which I cannot reconcile with probability. This person is dying to-night, and I cannot see him when my assistance might possibly avail; you apprehend it will be useless to-morrow, and yet you would have me see him then! If he be, indeed, as dear to you as your words and manner would imply, why not try to save his life before delay and the progress of his disease render it impracticable?"

"God help me!" exclaimed the woman, weeping bitterly, "how can I hope strangers will believe what appears incredible, even to myself? You will *not* see him then, sir?" she added, rising suddenly.

"I did not say that I declined to see him," replied the surgeon; "but I warn you, that if you persist in this extraordinary procrastination, and the individual dies, a fearful responsibility rests with you."

"The responsibility will rest heavily somewhere," replied the stranger bitterly. "Whatever responsibility rests with me, I am content to bear, and ready to answer."

"As I incur none," continued the surgeon, "by acceding to your request, I will see him in the morning, if you leave me the address. At what hour can he be seen?"

"Nine," replied the stranger.

"You must excuse my pressing these inquiries, but is he in your charge now?"

"He is not," was her rejoinder.

"Then if I gave you instructions for his treatment through the night, you could not assist him?"

The woman wept bitterly, as she replied, "I could not."

Finding that there was but little prospect of obtaining more information, and anxious to spare the woman's feelings, which, subdued at first by a violent effort, were now irrepressible and most painful to witness, the surgeon repeated his promise of calling in the morning. His visitor, after giving him a direction to an obscure part of Walworth, left the house in the same mysterious manner in which she had entered it.

The appearance of the place through which he walked in the morning was not calculated to raise the spirits of the young surgeon, or to dispel any feeling of anxiety or depression which the singular kind of visit he was about to make had awakened.

He at length arrived before the house which had been pointed out to him as the object of his destination. It was a small, low building, one story above the ground, with even a more desolate and unpromising exterior than any he had yet passed. An old

yellow curtain was closely drawn across the window upstairs, and the parlor shutters were closed, but not fastened. The house was detached from any other, and as it stood at an angle of a narrow lane, there was no other habitation in sight. He knocked gently.

A low whispering was audible, immediately afterward, as if some person at the end of the passage were conversing stealthily with another on the landing above. It was succeeded by the noise of a pair of heavy boots upon the bare floor. The door-chain was softly unfastened, the door was opened, and a tall, ill-favored man, with black hair, and a face, as the surgeon often declared afterward, as pale and haggard as the countenance of any dead man he ever saw, presented himself.

"Walk in, sir," he said, in a low tone.

The surgeon did so, and the man, having secured the door again by the chain, led the way to a small back parlor at the extremity of the passage.

"Am I in time?"

"Too soon," replied the man. The surgeon turned hastily round, with a gesture of astonishment not unmixed with alarm, which he found it impossible to repress.

"If you'll step in here, sir," said the man, who had evidently noticed the action, "if you'll step in here, sir, you won't be detained five minutes, I assure you."

The surgeon walked into the room. The man closed the door and left him alone.

He had not remained many minutes, when the noise of some approaching vehicle struck his ear. It stopped; the street-door was opened; a low talking succeeded, accompanied with a shuffling noise of footsteps along the passage and on the stairs, as if two or three men were engaged in carrying some heavy body to the room above. The creaking of the stairs, a few seconds afterward, announced that the new-comers, having completed their task, whatever it was, were leaving the house. The door was again closed, and the former silence was restored.

Another five minutes elapsed, and the surgeon had resolved to

explore the house, in search of some one to whom he might make his errand known, when the room-door opened, and his last night's visitor, dressed in exactly the same manner, with the veil lowered as before, motioned him to advance.

She led the way upstairs to the front room. It was scantily furnished with an old deal box, a few chairs, and a tent bedstead, without hangings or cross-rails, which was covered with a patchwork of counterpane. The dim light rendered the objects so indistinct, and communicated to all of them so uniform a hue, that he did not, at first, perceive the object on which his eye at once rested, when the woman rushed frantically past him, and flung herself on her knees beside the bed.

Stretched upon the bed, closely enveloped in a linen wrapper, and covered with blankets, lay a human form, stiff and motionless. The head and face, which were those of a man, were uncovered, save by a bandage which passed over the head and under the chin. The eyes were closed. The left arm lay heavily across the bed, and the woman held the passive hand.

The surgeon gently pushed the woman aside, and took the hand in his.

"My God!" he exclaimed, letting it fall involuntarily, "the man is dead!"

The woman started to her feet and beat her hands together. "Oh! don't say so, sir," she exclaimed, with a burst of passion amounting almost to frenzy. "Oh! don't say so, sir! I can't bear it! Men have been brought to life, before, when unskilful people have given them up for lost; and men have died, who might have been restored, if proper means had been resorted to. Don't let him lie here, sir, without one effort to save! This very moment life may be passing away. Do try, sir, do, for heaven's sake!" And, while speaking, she hurriedly chafed first the forehead and then the breast, of the senseless form before her; and then wildly beat the cold hands, which, when she ceased to hold them, fell listlessly and heavily back on the coverlet.

"It is of no use, my good woman," said the surgeon, soothingly,

as he withdrew his hand from the man's breast. "Stay—undraw that curtain!"

"Why?" said the woman, starting up.

"Undraw that curtain!" repeated the surgeon, in an agitated tone.

"I darkened the room on purpose," said the woman, throwing herself before him as he rose to undraw it. "Oh, sir, have pity on me! If it can be of no use, and he is really dead, do not expose that form to other eyes than mine!"

"This man died no natural or easy death," said the surgeon. "I *must* see the body!" With a motion so sudden that the woman hardly knew that he had slipped from beside her, he tore open the curtain, admitting the full light of day.

"There has been violence here," he said, pointing toward the body, and gazing intently on the face, from which the black veil was now, for the first time, removed. In the excitement of a minute before, the female had thrown off the bonnet and veil, and now stood with her eyes fixed upon him. Her features were those of a woman of about fifty, who had once been handsome. Sorrow and weeping had left traces upon them which not time itself would ever have produced without their aid; her face was deadly pale, and there was a nervous contortion of her lip, and an unnatural fire in her eye, which showed too plainly that her bodily and mental powers had nearly sunk beneath an accumulation of misery.

"There has been violence here," said the surgeon, preserving his searching glance.

"There has!" replied the woman.

"This man has been murdered."

"That I call God to witness he has," said the woman, passionately; "pitilessly, inhumanly murdered!"

"By whom?" said the surgeon, seizing the woman by the arm.

"Look at the butchers' marks, and then ask me!" she replied.

The surgeon turned his face toward the bed, and bent over the body, which now lay full in the light of the window. The throat was swollen, and a livid mark encircled it. The truth flashed suddenly upon him.

"This is one of the men who were hanged this morning!" he exclaimed, turning away with a shudder.

"It is," replied the woman, with a cold, unmeaning stare.

"Who was he?" inquired the surgeon.

"*My son*," she rejoined, and fell senseless at his feet.

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## CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

LINDSAY DUNCAN.

"THE loneliest night of all the lonely year!"
The sick man murmured with a weary moan;
"And I shall spend, without a creature near,
Another dreary Christmas-tide alone!"

A wooden shanty, common, rough, and bare,
Rude shelter offered to a suff'ring man;
Its door flung open to the warm night air,
Courting in vain a breeze his cheek to fan.

A man well on in years; deep-lined and gray
His brow, and those scant locks which o'er it hung;
One who had lost, he had been heard to say,
All that he lived for while he still was young.

A world-worn wand'rer on the face of earth,
Whom death and sorrow, in an evil time,
Had driven from the country of his birth
To lonely labor in an Austral clime.

Where, toiling without heart to keep alive
A life he did not cherish, he had failed,
As hopeless toilers fail 'mid those who strive;
For sorry life alone his gains availed.

Half-dressed, and flung upon his restless bed,
  He, burning-eyed, gazed out upon the night—
Gazed from the glowing darkness overhead
  To where the distant township's lamps shone bright.

"Full many kindly souls," he muttered low,
  "Feasting and laughing on this Christmas Eve,
Did they my dire extremity but know
  Would gladly seek my suff'rings to relieve.

"And who am I, to wrap me in my pride,
  Scorning to ask what would be freely given?
Yet, no! I *cannot* beg!" he feebly cried,
  "Help, to be help for me, must come from heav'n.

E'en as he spoke, high in the vast dark blue,
  A meteor, loosened from its viewless ties,
Across the star-flow'red fields of ether flew,
  Like some grand fire-winged bird of paradise.

Its trailing lustre shed a transient gleam
  Upon two figures at the open door,
Whose faces brightened with a tender beam
  The lonely hut that was so dim before.

A woman and a child! Was he distraught,
  That neither fear nor wonder held him bound
To welcome beings, who, his reason taught,
  Had slept for twenty years in English ground?

Why should he fear them? Were they not his own—
  The wife, the child—with whom his heart had died?
What wonder if, when he was sick and lone,
  They left their heaven for service at his side?

Hand clasped in hand, they crossed his threshold now,
  Smiling upon their loved one as they came;
They spoke no word, but kissed his pain-dewed brow,
  And coolness fell upon his fevered frame.

How 'twas he knew not—but within a space
  That seemed no longer than a moment's flight—
A happy change had come upon the place,
  And all around him streamed a soft, clear light.

The child was hanging garlands ev'rywhere,
  Familiar wreaths of holly's glossy green,
Of laurel and of bay; while here and there
  Gleamed marv'lous unknown blooms of snowy sheen.

The mother spread the table for a feast,
  As though resuming old sweet household care;
And he, in whom all sense of pain had ceased,
  Was gently led this wondrous meal to share.

What was his fare, that eve of Christmas morn?
  He cannot tell us, and he only could;
But, if 'twere not a dream of weakness born,
  He, for the first time, tasted angels' food!

Then, smiling still, they held his feeble hands,
  And sweetly raised that old, old hymn of praise,
That echoes on through widest-sundered lands,
  In Christian hearts all earthly Christmas days—

"Come all ye faithful!" Were they calling him?
  Bidding him seek a heavenly Bethlehem?
He smiled in answer as his eyes grew dim,
  And strove to rise that he might follow them.

"Joyful and triumphant!" Ah! such harmonies
Thrilled through the humble hut, as human ear,
Unhelped by angel-teachers from the skies,
Has never heard, may never hope to hear.

Grandly it rose and swelled, that Christmas song!
Surely all choirs of heaven joined the strain—
That mighty stream of praise that bore along
Upon its flood a being freed from pain!

. . . . . .

When his next neighbors, on the Christmas day,
Some friendly impulse to his shanty led,
Calm, placid, still, upon his bed he lay,
A smile was on his face——and he was dead!

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# MR. COPERNICUS AND THE PROLETARIAT.

H. C. BUNNER.

THE old publishing house of T. Copernicus & Son was just recovering from the rush of holiday business—a rush of perhaps a dozen purchasers. That it did not flourish was nothing to Mr. Copernicus. He was rich, thanks to himself: his wife was rich, thanks to her aunt; his daughter was rich, thanks to her grandmother. So he played at business, and every Christmas-time he bought a lot of fancy stationery and gift-books that nobody called for, and hired a couple of extra porters for whom the head-porter did his best to find some work.

"Barney," he said to the old porter, after New Year, "you don't need those two extra men any longer?"

"'Deed an' we do not, sorr!" said Barney; "th' wan o' thim wint off av himself the mornin', an' t'other do be readin' books the whole day long."

"Send him to me," Mr. Copernicus ordered, and Barney yelled unceremoniously, "Mike!"

The figure of a large and somewhat stout youth, who might have been eighteen or twenty-eight years old, appeared, rising from the sub-cellar. His hair was black, his face was clean-shaven, and although he held in his hand the evidence of his guilt, a book kept partly open with his forefinger, he had an expression of imperturbable calm, and placid ox-like fixity of purpose. He wore a long, seedy, black frock-coat, buttoned up to the neck-band of his collarless shirt.

"How's this?" inquired Mr. Copernicus. "I'm told that you spend your time reading my books."

The young man slowly opened his mouth and answered in a deliberate drawl, agreeably diversified by a peculiar stutter:

"I haven't been reading *your* b-b-books, sir; I've been reading my own. All I had to do was to hand up boxes of fur-fur-fancy stationery, and——"

"I see," interposed Mr. Copernicus, hurriedly, "there hasn't been any great call for fancy stationery this year."

"And when there wasn't any c-c-call for it, I read. I ain't going to be a pip-pip-porter all my life. Would you?"

"Why, of course, my boy," said Mr. Copernicus, "if you are reading to improve your mind, in your leisure time. Let's see your book."

The young man handed him a tattered duodecimo.

"Why, it's Virgil!" exclaimed his employer. "You can't read this."

"Some of it I kik-kik-can," returned the employee, "and some of it I kik-kik-can't."

"Where did you learn to read Latin?"

"I p-p-picked it up in odd hours."

"What else have you studied?"

"A little Gig-Gig-Greek."

"Anything else?"

"Some algebra and some Fif-Fif-French."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Baltimore," drawled the prodigy, utterly unmoved by his employer's manifest astonishment. "I was janitor of a school there, and the principal lent me his bib-bib-books."

"What is your name?"

"M-M-Michael Quinlan."

"And what was your father's business?"

"He was a bib-bib-bricklayer," the young man replied, calmly, adding, reflectively, "when he wasn't did-did-drunk."

"Bless my old soul! this is most extraordinary! I'll see you again, young man. Barney!" he called to the head-porter, "this young man will remain with us for the present."

A couple of days later, Mr. Copernicus sent for Michael Quinlan, and invited him to call at the Copernican residence on Washington Square, that evening.

"I want to have Professor Barcalow talk with you," he explained.

At the hour appointed, Mr. M. Quinlan presented himself at the basement door of the old house, and was promptly translated to the library, where Professor Barcalow, once President of Clear Creek University, Indiana, rubbed his bald head and examined the young man at length.

Quinlan underwent an hour's ordeal without the shadow of discomposure.

He drawled and stuttered with a placid face, whether his answers were right or wrong. At the end of the hour, the Professor gave his verdict:

"Our young friend has certainly done wonders for himself in the way of self-tuition. He is *almost* able—mind, I say *almost*—to pass a good Freshman examination. Of course he is not thorough. I can see the marks of self-tuition all over this young man's conversation. He has never met a competent instructor in his life. But he has done very well for himself—wonderfully well. He is entitled to great credit. Try to remember, Quinlan, what I told you about the use of the ablative absolute."

Quinlan said he would, and made his exit by the basement door.

"If he works hard," remarked the Professor, "he will be able to enter Clear Creek by June, and work his way through."

"And as it happens," said Mr. Copernicus, "I'm going to lose my night-watchman next week, and I think I'll put Quinlan in. And then I've been thinking—there are all poor Tom's books that he had when he went to Columbia. I'll let the boy come here and borrow them, and I can keep an eye on him and see how he's getting along."

"H'm, yes, of course," the Professor assented hesitatingly, dubious of Mr. Copernicus's classics.

Every week thereafter, Quinlan presented himself at the basement door, shabby, but no longer collarless, was admitted to the library by way of the back-stairs, and received from Mrs. Copernicus the books that Mr. Copernicus had set aside for him. But one day Mr. Copernicus forgot the books, and Mrs. Copernicus asked the young man into the parlor to explain to him how it had happened. When she had explained, being a kindly soul, she made a little further conversation, and asked Quinlan some questions about his studies. Greek was Greek indeed to her; but when he spoke of French, she felt as though she had a sort of second-hand acquaintance with the language.

"Floretta," she said to her daughter, "talk to Mr. Quinlan in French, and find out how much he knows."

Floretta blushed. She was a wren-like little thing, with soft brown hair, rather pretty, and yet the sort of girl whom men never notice. To address this male stranger was an agony to her. But she knew that her French had been bought at a fashionable boarding-school, and bought for show, and her mother had a right to demand its exhibition. She asked M. Quinlan how he portayed himself, and M. Quinlan, with no more expression on his face than a Chinese idol, but with a fluency checked only by his drawl and his stutter, poured forth what sounded to Mrs. Copernicus like a small oration.

"What did he say then, Floretta?"

"He said how grateful he was to papa for giving him such a

chance, and how he wants to be a teacher when he knows enough. And, oh, mamma, he speaks *ever* so much better than *I* do."

"Where did you learn to speak so well?" inquired Mrs. Copernicus, incredulously.

"I lived for some years in a French house, ma'am. At least the lady of the house was French, and she never spoke anything else."

Beneficence is quick to develop into an insidious habit. When Mr. Copernicus heard this new thing of his prodigy and protégé, a new idea came to him.

"Old Haverhill, down at the office, speaks French like a native. I'll let him feel Quinlan's teeth, and if he is as good as you say he is, he'd better come once a week and talk French to Floretta for an hour. You can sit in the room. She ought to keep up her French."

And every Wednesday, from four to five, Mr. Quinlan and Miss Floretta conversed, Floretta blushing ever, Quinlan retaining his idol-like stolidity. Sometimes the dull monotony of his drawl, broken only by his regular and rhythmic stutter, lulled Mrs. Copernicus into a brief nap over her book or her fancy work.

Spring had come. The trees had brought out their pale and gauzy green veils, the beds of tulips and Alpine daisies made glad spots in the parks, and Quinlan, at his employer's suggestion, had purchased a ready-made spring suit, in which he looked so presentable that Mr. Copernicus was half-minded to ask him to dinner. For Mrs. Copernicus had said something to Mr. Copernicus that had set him to thinking of many things. The Chinese idol had abated no jot of his stolidity, and yet—perhaps—he had found a worshipper. Floretta began blushing on Wednesdays, a full hour before the lesson. What was to come of it? On the face of it, it seemed impossible. A Quinlan and a Copernicus! And yet—great-grandfather Copernicus, who founded the family in America—was not he a carpenter? And did not his descendants point with pride to his self-made solidity? And here was native worth; high ambition; achievement that promised more. And Floretta was twenty-

four, and had never had an offer. "What," inquired Mr. Copernicus of himself, "is my duty toward the proletariat?"

One thing was certain. If the question was not settled in the negative at once, Quinlan must be educated. So, instead of inviting Quinlan to dinner, he invited Mr. Joseph Mitts, the traveling agent of the Hopkinsonian Higher Education Association, who, by a rare chance, was in town.

As they smoked their cigars in the library after dinner, Mr. Copernicus told Mr. Mitts about Quinlan. Mr. Mitts was interested. He knew a professor at a college who would put Quinlan through his studies during the vacation.

"Well, that's settled," Mr. Copernicus said, and he beamed with satisfaction. "I knew you'd help me out, Mitts. Only it's so hard ever to get a sight of you—you are always traveling about."

"We don't often meet," Mr. Mitts assented. "And it is curious that this visit should have been the means of giving me sight of a man in whom I want to interest *you*. His name is Chester—Dudley Winthrop Chester. He is the son of my old clergyman, and he has given his parents a deal of trouble. I don't know that Dud ever was vicious or dissolute. But he was the most confirmed idler and spendthrift I ever knew. He couldn't even get through college, and he never would do a stroke of work. He made his father pay his debts half a dozen times, and when that was stopped he drifted away, and his family quite lost sight of him. I met him in Baltimore last year, and lent him money to come to New York. He said he was going to work. And just as I came in your front door, I saw him going out of your basement door with a package under his arm, so I infer he is employed by one of your trades-people— your grocer, perhaps."

"Just as you came in? Why—a large, dark-haired young man?"

"Yes; clean-shaven."

"Why, that was Quinlan!"

"No," said Mr. Mitts, with the smile of superior knowledge. "It was Chester, and, if I'm not mistaken, he was kissing the cook."

"Then you *are* mistaken!" cried Mr. Copernicus; "my cook is as black as the ace of spades. There isn't a white servant in the house."

"Why, that's so!" Mr. Mitts was staggered for the moment. "But—wait a minute—does your man Quinlan speak with a drawl, and just one stutter to the sentence?"

"I think he does, but——"

"Dudley Chester!"

"But, my dear Mitts, where did he get the Latin and Greek?"

"He had to learn *something* at Yale."

"And the French?"

"His mother was a French Canadian. That's where he gets his French—and his laziness."

Mr. Copernicus made one last struggle.

"But he has been most industrious and faithful in my employ."

"What is he?"

"My—my night-watchman."

"Mr. Copernicus, have you a watchman's clock in your building?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Copernicus, indignantly. "I have none of those degrading new-fangled machines. I prefer to trust my employees."

"Then Dudley Chester is asleep in your store at this minute."

A soft, moist breeze, with something of the sea in it, blew gently in at an open window of the second floor of the business establishment of T. Copernicus & Son. Near the window a gas-jet flickered. Under the gas-jet, on, or rather in, a bed ingeniously constructed of the heaped-up covering-cloths from the long counters, lay Mr. Michael Quinlan, half-supported on his left elbow In his other hand he held, half-open, a yellow-covered French novel. Between his lips was a cigarette. A faint shade of something like amusement lent expression to his placid features as he listened to Mr. Copernicus puffing his way up the stairs, followed by Mr. Mitts and Barney. The hands on the clock pointed to eleven. Mr.

Quinlan's attire was appropriate to the hour. He wore only a frayed cotton night-shirt. His other clothes were carelessly disposed about his couch.

He waited calmly until his visitors had appeared before him, and then he greeted them with a gracious wave of his hand—an easy gesture that seemed to dismiss Quinlan and announce Chester.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "you'll excuse my not gig-gig-getting up to welcome you. Ah, Joseph! I saw you this evening, and I supposed the j-j-jig was up."

Mr. Copernicus was purple and speechless for the better part of a minute. Then he demanded, in a husky whisper:

"Who are you?"

Mr. Chester, with nothing of the Quinlan left about him, waved his hand once more.

"Mr. Joseph Mitts is a gentleman of irre-pip-pip-proachable veracity," he said. "I can kik-kik-confidently confirm any statements he has made about me."

"And why—" Mr. Copernicus had found his voice—"why have you humbugged me in this iniquitous—infamous way?"

The late Quinlan gazed at him with blank surprise.

"My dear sir, did-did-don't you see? If I'd told you who I was, you'd have thought I was a f-f-fool not to know more than I did. Whereas, don't you see? you thought I was a did-did-devil of a fellow."

"Get up and dress yourself and get out of here!"

"The jig, then," inquired Mr. Dudley Chester, slowly rising, "is did-did-definitely up? No more Fif-Fif-French lessons? No? Well," he continued, as he leisurely pulled on his trousers, "that's the kik-kik-cussed inconsistency. The j-j-jig is up for the gentleman; but when you thought I was a did-did-damn Mick, I was right in the bib-bib-bosom of the blooming family."

"Here are your week's wages," said Mr. Copernicus, trembling with rage. "Now, get out!"

"Not exactly," responded the unperturbed sinner; "a ticket to Chicago!"

"I'm afraid you had best yield," whispered Mr. Mitts. "Your family, you know. It wouldn't do to have this get out."

Mr. Copernicus had a minute of purple rage. Then he handed the money to Mr. Mitts.

"Put him on the train," he said. "There's one at twelve."

"We can make it if we hurry," said the obliging Mr. Mitts. "Where's your lodging-house, Chester?"

Chester opened his eyes inquiringly. "Why, this is all I've got," he said; "what's the mim-mim-matter with this?"

"But your—your luggage?" inquired Mr. Mitts.

Mr. Chester waved a much-worn tooth-brush in the air.

"Man wants but lil-lil-little here below," he remarked.

"How long is it, Dudley," pursued the patient Mitts, as they stepped out into the night air, "since your parents heard from you?"

"Two years, I gig-gig-guess," said Chester. "By Jove," he added, as his eye fell on the blue sign of a telegraph office, "if I don't telegraph them right now."

Mr. Mitts was deeply gratified. "That's a good idea," he said.

"Lend me a kik-kik-quarter, said Dudley Chester.

At midnight sharp, Mr. Mitts saw his charge ascend the rear platform of the Chicago train just as it moved out of the gloomy Jersey City station of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A young woman of slight figure, with a veil about her face, emerged from the interior of the car and threw her arms around the neck of Mr. Chester, late Quinlan.

"I thought I wasn't mistaken," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

The next week he received an envelope containing a scrap roughly torn out of a daily paper. It read as follows:

> CHESTER—COPERNICUS.—At the rectory of the Church of St. James the Greater, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson Wilson, D. D., FLORETTA, daughter of Thomas Copernicus, of New York, to DUDLEY WINTHROP CHESTER, of Baltimore, Md. No cards.

And yet, within six months, Mr. Mitts received cards. They

bade him to a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Chester at the house of Mr. Thomas Copernicus.

"*I* couldn't have done that," said Mr. Mitts to himself.

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## THE PAGE AND THE MAID OF HONOR.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

THE Queen's in the hall where the torches are bright,
And the courtiers at faro are playing;
She signs to her page: "I've forgotten, to-night,
My purse with the gold for the paying.
Go fetch it; my cipher it bears for a mark.
It lies on the edge of the table."
And forth goes the youth, through the galleries dark,
As speedily as he was able.

The prettiest damsel that waits on the Queen,
Was lemonade daintily sipping;
When, somehow or other, the goblet so green
O'erflowed at the touch of her lipping.
Ah, me, what a pity! a splendid new dress
Quite spoiled by the juice from the chalice.
So up rose the damsel in utmost distress,
And sped through the halls of the palace.

The page coming back, in a corridor dim,
Encountered the fugitive maiden;
None knew, save Dan Cupid—'twas patent to him
How tenderly both hearts were laden.
Of course, when a meeting occurs of the kind,
It is vain the emotions to smother;
There was nobody near, and Dan Cupid is blind;
So they heartily kissed one another.

Then up to her chamber ascended the maid,
  To pay her fresh court to the Graces;
While the page to the Queen threaded deftly his way
  Through furbelows, flounces, and laces.
No sooner Her Majesty did him espy,
  Than, sharp as the Shebaite lady,
The lemonade stains on his vest caught her eye;
  She quite understood them already.

Then beckoned she straight to the mistress of court:
  "Come here, and I'll show you a wonder;
You lately maintained, more in earnest than sport,
  That the flesh kept the spirit quite under;
That mystical union was only a dream,
  That nothing exists save the real;
That the stars in their courses are but what they seem,
  And their influence wholly ideal.

"Observe, my good countess, there happened but now
  A mischance to a maiden of honor;
And my page, who just then was far distant, I vow,
  Is marked by the stains that are on her!
Now this is an evidence, startling though new,
  Which surely should finish our quarrel;
And as they have gained me the triumph o'er you,
  Let them both have a change of apparel!"

# NOTES ON AUTHORS.

**Arnold, Sir Edwin.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Arouet, François Marie de** (1694–1778).—His family lived in Paris, and was an old one. His education up to ten years of age was very irregular; he was then sent to the College Louis le Grand, remaining there for seven years. A man of quick spirit, he never met opposition without retaliating. Light and witty, he indulged in lampoons on notable people of his time. He was a famous writer of poems, essays, and plays. Among the latter were: "Œdipe," "Charles XII.," "Merope," and "Zaïre," the best of his plays, taken from "Othello," a study of the passion jealousy working its way without an *Iago*. He is best known by his *nom de plume*, "Voltaire."

**Boyesen, Hjalmar Hjorth.**—A Norwegian by birth, but an American by adoption. He has written a great many charming works and poems, also sketches, principally of Norwegian life. He is a professor at Columbia College, New York.

**Browning, Robert.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Buckham, James.**—For sketch see No. 7 of this series.

**Bunner, Henry Cuyler** (1855—).—Born in Oswego, N. Y., August 3d, this writer of poems and very original stories and spirited sketches, principally of American life, is the editor of *Puck*, the paper that first gave to the public his delightful "Short Sixes, stories to be read while the candle burns." He has also published "The Midge," "Airs from Arcady," "Zadoc Pines," etc. His work is more than charming—it is bright, helpful, and full of human interest, and he fills a place of his own in American literature.

**Calverly, Charles Stuart** (1831–1884).—An English poet and lawyer, educated at Oxford, and, although his career there was not brilliant, he was distinguished for Latin and Greek composition. His list of university honors was not unworthy of his ability and reputation. He gained the medal twice for Latin hexameter, once for the Greek ode, and also the prize for Latin composition. He possessed a very keen sense of humor and an incomparable wit. His poems are printed in two volumes, "Verses and Translations" and "The Leaves." Among his humorous compositions his Pickwick examination papers obtained great notoriety.

**Coleridge, Samuel Taylor** (1772–1834).—This great Lake School poet, the friend of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb, was educated first at Christ's Hospital, London, and then at Cambridge. He was a German scholar, and translated "Wallenstein." He also lectured on Shakespeare, and was a powerful writer in the supernatural style. His most famous works are: "Kubla Khan," "Cristabel," and "The Ancient Mariner."

**Craik, Dinah Mulock.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Craven, Mme. Augusta** (1809–1891).—Died at Paris. She was the daughter of M. de la Ferronays, minister of foreign affairs and ambassador to Berlin under the Restoration. She has written some very entertaining novels, the best known probably being "A Sister's Story," said to describe her own family history, and "Fleurange."

**De la Ramé, Louise.**—An English novelist, better known as "Ouida." She is of French extraction; and when very young her father, a man of powerful intellect, trained her to masculine modes of culture. At the age of four she wrote a child's story in printed characters, and when very young she began to write for periodicals. Her first novel was "Granville de Vigne," followed by "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Under Two Flags," etc.

**Dickens, Charles.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Dobson, Austin.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Duncan, Lindsay.**—This is the pen name of Mrs. T. C. Cloud, who enjoys great reputation in Australia as a poet.

**Flaccus, Quintus Horatius** (56–8 B.C.).—No ancient writer is so well known and loved as this one. His power as moralist, satiric and lyric poet gives him a peculiar value. He was born in Venusia, a small town. The influence of early impressions is seen in his writing. He wrote the famous "Odes," "Epistles," and "Satires," and sometimes adopted the dialogue form. He is popularly known as "Horace."

**Gautier, Théophile** (1811–1872).—Born at Tarbes, France, and educated principally at the College Charlemagne, in Paris, he early devoted himself to the older French literature. He belongs to the romantic school, and is best known through his first work "Mlle. de Maupin," which is also in some respects his poorest work. His style is often fantastic. Other of his works are: "Fortunio," "Les Jeunes France," "Jettatura."

**Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von** (1749–1832).—Born at Frankfort-on-the-Main. He is considered the regenerator of German literature. From childhood he was surrounded with a literary atmosphere. After a time at the University of Leipsic, he left it and was graduated at the University of Strasburg. In 1773 he produced the drama "Götz von Berlichingen," which at once attracted attention. This was followed two years later by the novel "Die Leiden des Jungen Werther," a book

founded upon a love episode in his own life. He was decorated by Napoleon and the Czar Alexander. Other of his works are: "Hermann und Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister," "Faust," "Egmont." He died March 22d at Weimar.

**Heine, Heinrich** (1797-1856).—A German poet and miscellaneous writer of great merit. He studied at Bonne, Göttingen, and Berlin to become a lawyer, but about 1820 he went to Paris, where he principally resided. His fame rests mainly on his poems and the "Reisbilder," which, though often marred by a spirit of raillery and satire that knows no bounds, are full of grace, tenderness, and artless ease.

**Horace** (see Flaccus, Quintus Horatius).

**Jerome, Jerome K.**—An English dramatist, and one of the most popular British authors of the day among the middle class. He has written several very amusing works about stage life; the chief one, "On the Stage—and Off," relates his own experiences as an actor. His works show great breadth of observation and insight into social life, and are, therefore, very interesting. Some of the best known are: "Stage-Land," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat."

**Knowles, James Sheridan** (1784-1862).—A dramatic author, born at Cork. In 1793 young Knowles began his dramatic career by composing a play which he and some juvenile friends performed. His first important dramatic success was "Caius Gracchus," produced at Belfast in 1815; but it was through "Virginius," written for Edmund Kean, that he obtained his reputation as one of the best dramatic authors of the day. Besides these, "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "Love," and "The Wife" are his best plays. He also achieved some success as an actor and a lecturer on elocution. In his later years he left the stage and became a Baptist preacher, attracting large audiences.

**Lockhart, John Gibson** (1794-1854).—The son of a minister in Scotland. He was editor of the *Scottish Review*, and author of several works; but will probably be best known to posterity as the translator of the "Spanish Ballads," which have gained originality and spirit from his genius. He married the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott. "The Life of Sir Walter Scott" is one of the most interesting of his works, a task at once of love and of duty, as the writer gave up all the proceeds to pay Scott's creditors. His life was one of constant work. He is buried in Dryburgh Abbey, at the feet of Sir Walter Scott.

**Mackay, Charles.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Michelet, Jules** (1798-1874).—One of the most remarkable and voluminous of French writers. He was the son of a printer, and assisted his father in regular press-work. He was offered a place in the imperial printing office, but his father managed to send him to the College or Lycée Charlemagne, where he passed an honorable career. He took the university examination, and soon after accepted the professorship of history in the College Rollin. He wrote "Précis" and the "In-

troduction à l'Histoire Universelle." His works include: "L'Amour," "La Mer," "Les Femmes de la Révolution," and others. The most noted of his powerful and erudite writings is the "History of France," which occupied him about forty years.

**Moulton, Ellen Louise Chandler** (1835—).—Born at Pomfret, Conn., and educated at Mrs. Willard's Seminary, she early displayed a taste for literature, and at the age of fifteen began to write for magazines under the name of "Ellen Louise." Her first book, a collection of stories, essays, and poems entitled "This, That, and the Other," was published in 1854. It was well received, reaching a sale of about 12,000 copies. Of late years, she has been the literary correspondent from Boston to the New York *Tribune*, and has contributed largely to American magazines. During her frequent visits to London and Paris she has written very interesting letters for the New York and Boston journals.

**Praed, Winthrop Mackworth** (1802–1839).—An English poet and lawyer, and a member of Parliament. He showed considerable talent in his early years, and his letters written from school when very young are full of wit and fancy. His poetic faculty was carefully trained at home as well as at school, and he could write prose or verse with equal fluency. His writing exhibits the remarkable union of wit and pathos. He was graduated from Eton, and during his stay there he commenced his brilliant series of contributions to the London magazines.

**Rossetti, Dante Gabriel.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Scott, Sir Walter.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Tennyson, Sir Alfred.**—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

**Tobin, John** (1770–1804).—The literary character of this author is well known. Although many of his contemporaries possessed more power, it was reserved for him to catch the spirit of the early dramatists and some of their classical excellence. He turned his attention when very young to the stage, and his leading passion was for the early drama, upon which he formed his own taste. He also spent a large portion of his time studying Shakespeare and nature. His most successful play was "The Honeymoon," which enjoyed immense popularity. The poetry of the piece is one of its most striking beauties. Other of his plays are: "Curfew," "The Faro Table," and "School for Authors."

**Tourgenieff, Ivan** (1818—).—Born at Orel, October 28th, a date corresponding to November 29th on our calendar. He was brought up by his grandmother, a Russian lady of the old school, haughty and despotic, whose portrait is shown in the little story "Punin and Baburin." He was devoted to nature and to his country, although he spent little of his time there, living mostly in the cultured circles of France and Germany. Among his most noted works are: "Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," "Hélène," "Spring Torrents," and his last masterpiece, "Virgin Soil." He never acts the showman, but feels the necessity of having

his models before him, and goes to find them. The foremost German critics, among them Dr. Julian Schmidt, have hailed him as one of the, if not the greatest living novelist.

**Voltaire** (see Arouet, François Marie de).

**Warren, Samuel** (1807—).—Born at Denbighshire, England, he studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh, and there obtained prizes for poetry. He became a law student and a prominent member of the bar, where honors were bestowed upon him. He wrote many legal works of note for *Blackwood's Magazine;* also the "Diary of a Late Physician." His most famous and wide-read work is "Ten Thousand a Year."

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